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The English Review

A controlling interest in THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911), Ltd. has been acquired by Mr. Wilfrid Hindle, who will edit THE ENGLISH REVIEW from January, 1936. There will be no change in policy, but THE ENGLISH REVIEW will from time to time be enlarged and have new features added in order that it may present an ever-wider survey of English life and thought. Mr. Douglas Jerrold will remain on the Board of THE ENGLISH REVIEW and will continue to contribute his Current Comments so long as his commitments allow. Among the new Directors are Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., and Mr. Collin Brooks.

The business and editorial offices of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will remain for the time being at the present address—6, Great New Street, E.C.—and all communications should continue to be sent there until further notice.

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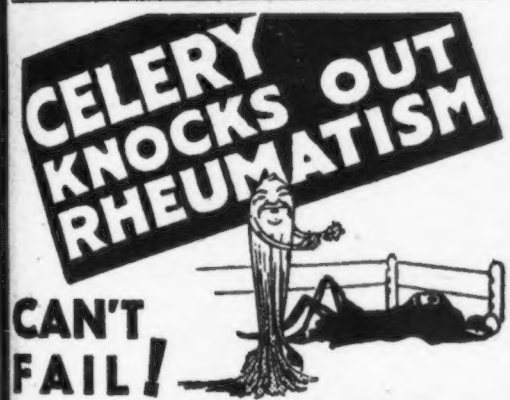

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

DECEMBER, 1935

THE election results have surprised all parties, though the turnover of votes and the low poll fulfilled expectations. One lesson is clear and encouraging, for we now know that the liberal vote is largely transferred to the anti-socialist side. No doubt this is in part due to the national government's flirtation—to put it mildly—with radical-socialist policies, but this is no new thing, and official conservatives like Captain Harold Macmillan are more to blame than sterner individualists like Mr. Walter Runciman. The size of the majority will be an immediate embarrassment to the Prime Minister, who will find it impossible to undertake any drastic reconstruction of his administration. A few ministerial defeats would not have been unwelcome. To those interested in Parliament, the best feature of the election is the strengthening of the opposition front bench, which now provides the substance instead of the feeble shadow of an alternative government. The interesting personal result is Mr. A. P. Herbert's election for Oxford University. This is the kind of result which the Parliamentary system—in contradistinction to the now more fashionable system of direct rule supported by plebiscites—is supposed to enable. Actually it seldom does, and I fear that, except in such peculiar and anomalous constituencies as Oxford University, it seldom will. Even in this case the gain of Mr. A. P. Herbert is unfortunately matched by the loss of Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, one of the two really independent members of the last Parliament. Mr. Austen Hopkinson fortunately survives to keep Mr. Herbert company.

Was Labour Unlucky?

LABOUR is claiming to have been unlucky in getting so few seats on a poll larger than that which carried

them into office in 1929, but the more important statistical fact is that there is in the country a solid anti-Socialist majority of much over four millions, which shows no signs of decreasing. I greatly doubt if the real figure is not much nearer eight millions, since there can hardly have been as many as a million convinced Socialists among the four or five millions who must be regarded as having deliberately abstained. Many Liberals certainly abstained, and so did the majority of those working-class voters who belong to no political party, who distrust politicians, but who feel that sweeping changes are bad for trade and employment. The number of Conservative abstentions was much less than was expected. The Central Office must thank Sir Samuel Hoare for this result. I am told that among those who attended Conservative meetings there was nowhere any trace of any support for, and every sign of an active hostility to, any militant policy against Italy. In places the Socialist candidate made a disingenuous attempt to saddle the Government with a war policy, but the Trade Union Congress vote on military sanctions and Sir Herbert Samuel's plea for closing the Suez Canal were irrefutable arguments on the other side, and lost many votes to the Socialists and still more to the Liberals.

The Socialist Dilemma

YET the decisive factor was not measures but war. The English do not take kindly to professional politicians, and by the necessity of the case above all Socialist candidates are politicians from their youth up and nothing else. As government spreads its tentacles over our trade and agriculture, so the weakness of this position makes itself felt. If the English people ever, in a moment of despair, accept the Socialist solution it will be on the strict condition that it is not introduced and operated by the Socialist party, but by men with a real experience of the complicated conditions under which industry is carried on. If the intelligentsia want to get

into power they must either join the Conservative party —as "planners"—or drop Socialism and revive the Liberal party. The dream of an uneasy coalition of writers, professors and trade union officials running the country's business has faded. That is, on a long view, the best lesson of this election. The others are less encouraging.

The future of Democracy

DEMOCRACY depends on a general understanding of political issues by the electorate. It is in danger of degenerating into periodical requests for "confidence" in order to assure "stability." The request was one which was never likely at the last election to be refused, in the absence of an effective alternative administration, but it is not a request which will bear another repetition. The public must be re-educated in the case against Socialism, instead of being bored by the case (strong as it is) against certain Socialist ex-ministers. There was far too much claptrap talked at the recent election about "robbing the till" and stealing the people's savings and "nationalizing" peoples' houses. There was far too little argument on the real merits of Socialism applied as it would be, not by Robin Hood or Dick Turpin or even Sir Stafford Cripps, but by Mr. Herbert Morrison. If the price we have to pay for the inclusion of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. J. H. Thomas in the Government is a complete silence on this issue, then the price is too high, if only in justice to the electorate itself. It is fashionable to sneer at "National Labour," but if by "National Labour" we mean the non-Socialist working class voters, they are a formidable body representing a good deal more native virtue and prudence than is to be found in many suburban constituencies. This body of opinion will not be conciliated by half-hearted experiments in Socialism. It asks for leadership along new lines designed to improve working-class conditions without turning over working-class lives and homes to an army of inspectors, and turning the

breadwinner for all time into a helpless cog in a vast bureaucratic machine. There will be very strong pressure on the Government from "planners" of all kinds, including the new instalment of deserters from official Socialism who gave their signatures to "The Next Five Years," to use their mandate in laying the foundations of a "planned" state. If this pressure be successful, "National Labour" as well as most of the Conservative party will be alienated. We trust that this will not happen, but, if it does, the country will find itself by 1940 faced with no more attractive choice than one between two rival groups of "planners," and the views of what is almost certainly a majority of the electorate will be unrepresented by any political party. Such an event would spell the end of parliamentary democracy in its last stronghold.

The future of "Planning"

THE disposition of the Government leaders to flirt with planning is no doubt the reason why so little has been heard of the anti-Socialist case except in terms of pure electioneering. The issue will, however, have to be faced in the new Parliament. If the Government adopt Lord Melchett's Enabling Bill, bringing majority rule into force in industry and permitting the extrusion of the small factory, the small producer and the small distributor by force, the fundamentals of the present system of private enterprise will have been sacrificed, and we shall have embarked, in the interests of big business and organized labour, on a path from which there will be no turning back without a revolution. On the other hand, if the Government stand fast, they will have to justify their faith by works, and set out by positive action to protect and extend the present distribution of property, and to remedy the very many injustices under which small property owners labour. We are as ready as the Prime Minister to concede that the mere protection of the existing rights of big business

—the chief of which is the right to grow bigger at the consumer's expense— is a policy not only immoral but futile. The choice lies between a deliberate reconstruction of the " property " state—a state, that is, in which the ownership of property, of a real share in the means of production, distribution and exchange—is the rule and not the exception, and the Socialist state in which, in order to remedy the anomalies of the present real distribution of property, the right to any property is denied.

Can we " go back " ?

IT is often said that we cannot " go back," that large-scale production and big combines are in the line of progress and that we must go on to the logical conclusion, where the whole of industry is organized in one monopoly. The answer to this is that the whole structure of industry changes in every generation. Nothing that politicians of any party can do will greatly relieve the depressed industries to-day, but everything they do will affect directly the lines along which new industries develop, and the extent to which we hold our own in these new fields of activity as they are developed. It may or may not be true that we cannot " go back," but we can certainly choose the direction in which we want to go forward. Indeed, it can be put higher, because the world situation and the immobility of labour under modern conditions necessitates a good measure of state guidance in the present period of transition. The new structure of British trade and industry must, like the old, be the product of the hands and brains of free men if it is to endure, but the general plan will be inevitably laid down in advance by the politicians, and if the plan be bad, the best of intentions will avail nothing. For this reason a very heavy responsibility lies on all supporters of the National Government not to be taken in by catch phrases such as " we can't go back," or by facile assumptions about the tendency of evolution. We are free men, and have a free will. We shall either

build a world in which men will remain free or a world in which they will not. And if we wish our parliamentary institutions to survive we must see that the choice, and its implications, are understood by the electorate. The one thing to beware of is "practical politics." The practical work of the world is not done by politicians, and never will be. Politicians are concerned with theory, not with practice, because it is not their function to do the nation's work but to provide the conditions which will be most favourable in the long run for those who have to do it.

Peace or War?

THE danger of a European war, which seemed to have been removed by Sir Samuel Hoare's success at Geneva in obtaining final approval to negotiations with Italy, is now recurring. Anti-British feeling is intensely strong in France and Italy, while the Egyptian situation is disturbing. Nevertheless, it seems that we are going back to Geneva in our old rôle of public prosecutor, to plead for more and more sanctions, and that under our pressure M. Laval's government may very likely collapse. The consequences of this would be incalculable. If there is one thing quite certain it is that the Government mandate was a mandate for peace, not a mandate for war, yet there is a point, not too far distant, where economic sanctions must lead to war. There will be no unconditional Italian surrender—except it be forced on the Italians by a great military victory. In asking for such surrender, the League is in fact not asserting the sovereignty of Abyssinia, which it already proposes to restrict, or saving Abyssinia from invasion—she is already invaded—but insisting on the destruction of the present Italian régime as the penalty for her breach of the Covenant. Such an insistence on the part of the League will have few sympathisers in Europe outside Russia. It is certainly not a course for which Englishmen are prepared to fight. Meanwhile Germany and Japan,

residuary legatees of the present tragic situation, are waiting to enter into their inheritance. Let the enthusiasts for resolute action remember this before it is too late. They that take the sword will perish by the sword.

Lord Jellicoe

THE Captains and the Kings depart. The death of Lord Jellicoe will inevitably awake old controversies perhaps best forgotten. It is better to remember Mr. Winston Churchill's wise judgment that Lord Jellicoe was the only man in the world war who could have lost the war for the Allies in a single day. He did not do so. No man ever faced graver responsibilities than Lord Jellicoe at Jutland, which was most certainly one of the decisive battles of the world. As First Sea Lord his achievement was less considerable, but for this there were precedents. Great executive commanders are seldom well fitted to work in double harness with politicians, and their silences breed misunderstandings, which are usually only removed years afterwards. So it was in great measure with Lord Jellicoe, who gave, in his reminiscences recently published, cogent reasons for the delay in initiating convoy which he failed to make clear to the Cabinet of the day. The Cabinet felt that he was merely resentful of "political interference," which was wholly untrue. No one to-day denies that it was the great good fortune of the English people that in the most decisive naval engagement since Trafalgar, and, on a long view, the most critical in our history, the British fleet should have been commanded by an admiral of supreme technical competence, of great moral courage, of prudence and of decision. There was no one else among all the leaders appointed in August, 1914, in any country who so fully justified the confidence reposed in him or who deserved so much gratitude.

Problems of the Naval Conference

THE next Naval Conference will present grave problems for the Board of Admiralty. Happily they can be

trusted on this occasion to speak their mind and to resign before accepting any new agreement which does not enable us to retain command of the Mediterranean without reducing our strength in other waters to ignominous and dangerous proportions. There has recently been published a new edition of Captain Bernard Acworth's well-known book, "The Navy and the Next War," under the title of "The Restoration of Britain's Sea Power." Some of our distinguished contributor's views—notably on the destructive power of aircraft—are highly controversial, but not so his views on naval construction in the light of our strategic requirements. On these matters he speaks with admitted authority, and many of his views command the consent of an increasing majority of naval opinion. "The Restoration of British Sea Power" includes specifications and drawings of the ships which Captain Acworth recommends. These have attracted attention all over the world, and afford a powerful argument for our acceptance of qualitative instead of quantitative limitations. If the United States, as is probable, refuse to consider any agreement on these lines, we must retain our freedom of action.

In Conclusion

THESE "Current Comments" are the last which I shall write as Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Every editor, and most of all the editor of a political review, must ask himself sometimes whether the expression of opinions which he is not called upon to put into practice is not a little too easy. When, as in the present case, the opinions are often contrary to the majority view, the question must suggest itself with particular force not only to the editor but to his readers. The fact remains that criticism is the business of a political reviewer, nor is it necessary that the criticism should always be constructive. Constructive criticism is one of those dangerous, slick phrases which sound a deal more intelligent than they are. If I see a man driving at sixty miles

an hour towards a precipice it is no part of my duty to tell him where to go. It is sufficient to tell him not to go on as he is going. Practical problems are best left to the men responsible. The political reviewer must concern himself all the time with the formation of that " right opinion" without which no politician, however inspired, will find himself able to do the right thing. The opinion created by a political review is the opinion which will be dominant, if ever, some years ahead. And thus its fruits, if any, are in the future. THE ENGLISH REVIEW, during the past ten years, has been devoted to the coherent preaching of Conservative principles—it has not attempted to defend the day-to-day activities of Conservative politicians, some of whom are quite capable of defending themselves. Above all, it has attempted to kill the ridiculous notion that Conservatism stands for big business, high profits, low wages and the defence of vested interests and class privileges. These things belong, if at all, to Whiggery and its spiritual heir, which is bureaucratic planning. When I read of the need for preparing children for industry I detect the authentic accent not of Burke or Disraeli but of John Bright and Mr. Chadband. That this particularly vile form of patronizing humbug has crept through the ranks of the " planners " into the ante-rooms of the Conservative party is undeniable. But it is a kind of wickedness which has infected the Socialist party to a much greater extent, and all the more dangerously because the rank and file of the party are unaware of it. Conservatism stands to-day for the defence of liberty, by which is meant not mere liberty of speech (important though that is), but economic liberty, without which all hope of freedom is vain. It accepts as the condition of economic liberty, the need for a redistribution of property, and the defence of the small against the large property owner. To this extent " planning " and " state interference " are part of the Conservative's creed. The conception of a " plan " not directed to state control and enforced amalgamations is still strange to

many: just as the conception of a League of Nations devoted to the pursuit of justice and not to the service of a sterile legalism is new to many. It is the purpose of a political writer to explain these conceptions and to popularize them to the point when they are as familiar to the public mind as are their opposites. But not until this has been done will the cause of freedom in these islands be once more secure.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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The Reform of Parliament.

By Lieut.-Colonel T. C. R. Moore, C.B.E., M.P.

Part I.

The Commons.

WHEN the Liberal Party was a political force in this country, they had a great slogan—Peace, Retrenchment and Reform. It was simple, appealing and satisfying. It suffered only one fault—difficulty of achievement.

And so when the Liberal Party failed to ensure peace in 1914, through lack of a clear indication to Germany of Britain's intentions ; when they failed to secure retrenchment, because of their grandiose but ill-matured schemes of social legislation; and when they failed to reform anything, even their own out-of-date economic policies—they reluctantly handed over the torch, and faded into insignificance.

Now, while peace and retrenchment are more necessary than ever, *they* have their exponents—vocal, volatile and verbose—but few, apparently, deem reform worthy of the printer's ink.

The word reform has conveyed many meanings during the past century which need not be enumerated, but if any real reform is to be achieved one must start with the reforming machine—Parliament.

Parliamentary reform has hitherto been accepted as referring only to the House of Lords, but can any Member of Parliament—or of the public, for that matter—deny that the House of Commons is even more archaic in some of its methods, even more unsuitable for the efficient discharge of its great responsibilities?

The machine creaks with every movement. Oil has been tried, temporary repairs are periodically applied, but in vain. A fundamental reorganization seems to be required. The trouble is to make a start, and then where to start. That difficulty or obstacle being noted, let us make a trial.

The first crux is membership. There is no quarrel with the number—615—but with the quality. This is not an attack on the late Parliament, but on any Parliament. Temporary wealth, traditional family associations, and Trades Union affiliations, have had too much representation in all recent Parliaments. It will of course be urged that this is the fault of democracy, of the electors. That is a fair point, and is accepted, so we start with the electors.

They are given a candidate, or a number of candidates, to elect—but how are these candidates selected? Not essentially for brains, not essentially for character, not essentially for accomplishments, though no doubt all these qualities are borne in mind and given weight. But, in the main, the candidate must be either well off, or a popular Trades Union official. It depends on his Party as to which qualification is more important.

Now surely that is wrong. Take, for instance, the late Parliament as an example—though a bad example, I admit, consisting as it did of hundreds of young men, swept into the House of Commons on the wave of a country's fear. Educated—yes; intelligent—yes; and good-looking—very much yes. But are all these advantages enough? Experience answers—no.

Ineffective to meet the country's call for action, ignorant, perhaps, of how to do it. Willing, anxious, even impetuous, yet unable to translate theory into practice, thought into action.

And so I come to my first reform, and that is the quality of the House of Commons. In a word, the composition of the House of Commons should be based, not necessarily on age, not even on experience, but on *achievement*. Who is most qualified to represent the views and ideals, the problems and the difficulties, the aims and the determinations, of his fellow men? Surely it is the man who has succeeded in what he has set out to do; whether it be plumbing, banking, soldiering, the arts, or commerce.

If he has achieved the respect of his fellows for his work, then, and not till then, should he be entrusted with their votes.

And so I suggest that a " standard of achievement " should be drawn up by an impartial and non-political commission, to which every candidate before selection must subscribe. Thereafter the issue would lie with the electors, confident in the fact that, no matter what the Party label of the selected candidate might be, that candidate would be fitted and qualified to take his place in the Council of the nation.

Then we pass to the machine which these councillors would have to operate, and here there is much to be done, but chiefly in the matter of debate and discussion. So much time is wasted in repetition, in unnecessary verbiage, in meaningless phraseology, that the ordinary elector reading or listening becomes weary, distrustful, and even openly contemptuous.

What is the solution here? A very simple one, and happily feasible—a time limit on speeches, and a time limit on discussion. An All-Party Committee of the House would be necessary to decide the maximum time limit for all speeches. both from the front and back benches alike, and secondly, and more important, the amount of time to be allowed for every question discussed.

Some may say this is an attack on free speech, on the traditional rights of the House. Or they will use a more sinister term, " reactionary "—whatever that may mean. But if the result is speed, efficiency, and above all the avoidance of that most stupid and wearisome of all Parliamentary institutions, the all-night sitting, the term " reactionary' ' can be borne with resignation.

The necessary alterations could be made quite easily. Every Bill introduced would be examined by this Committee, and opposite each clause would be noted the amount of time permitted for discussion, after which the closure would be automatically applied, and the question finished. Amendments might be few or many.

Debate on them would be controlled by the speech-limit, and so time would be saved, tempers protected, and the work of Parliament given a necessary acceleration without loss of the necessary efficiency.

Incidentally, the discretion to select amendments which has lately been granted to Chairmen of Standing Committees is not a solution, since a feeling of injustice is inevitably left with those whose points of view have been overlooked or neglected.

Then I come to my third reform, and that lies in the direction and control of policy. In other words, we now deal with the Cabinet. It is no doubt a truism to say that the larger the number of counsellors the greater the number of counsels, and when one remembers the difficulty of securing agreement between two people, how much more difficult to get concord between twenty-two. The result must inevitably be compromise, and lack of a clear policy and strong direction. The Cabinet should be restricted to ability, not to Departments, and the smaller the better.

Indeed there is a strong argument for the suggestion advanced by Mr. Lloyd George that there should be an inner Cabinet of Ministers without portfolios whose duty would be purely one of examining, co-ordinating and directing policy. This would leave Departmental Ministers free for the purely administrative duties within their Departments. Mr. Baldwin in forming his recent Cabinet seems to be considering such an alterantive to the normal system.

We would therefore now have in our scheme :—

(1) The component parts of the machine;
(2) The action of the machine;
(3) The control of the machine;

all simplified, and all made more effective for the work of the machine.

It only remains for Parliament in its own interests to act. If it does not do so, there are its masters—the

People. If there is any failure, Russia, Turkey, Italy, the United States and Germany, all point the alternative!

Part II.

The Lords.

The so-called House of Privilege offers somewhat different problems from the House of Democracy. But they must be tackled with equal urgency. Before doing so, we must again return, but only for a moment, to the Liberal Party. An apology is needed, and given, for dealing with moribund organizations and past history, but it is necessary for the presentation of the picture.

The Liberal Party is responsible for the major defects of the present House of Lords. It was they, under the guidance of the late Mr. Asquith, but at the impulsion of the present Mr. Lloyd George, who cut the locks of Samson.

Before the Parliament Act of 1911, the House of Lords was a virile and positive body, with definite and useful powers. After that Act had deprived it of its essential strength, it became enfeebled and negative. At one time it had a part to play, and played it, on behalf of the rights of the British people and in protection of the British Constitution. Owing no allegiance to the passing whims and fleeting passions of the electors, and being independent of a popular vote, it was able to bring a calm, dispassionate and reasoned judgment to bear on the partisan legislation frequently enacted by the House of Commons. Detached from the necessity of purchasing its existence by bribing the people, it provided a safeguard for minorities and a brake on majorities. But this very freedom of thought, this very liberty of action, proved too much for the party of liberty. So by threats and cajolery, and with the aid of a powerful and disciplined Party, the Liberals rendered the Upper House ineffective for revision, impotent for creation, capable only of criticism and obstruction; not a very

noble part for a House of its historic traditions to play. But, to quote the catchword of many à vote-seeking politician, "the will of the people must prevail." That that will changes and fluctuates with every offered inducement is thoughtfully ignored.

Now in endeavouring to restore the efficiency of the House of Lords, and give it once more a useful and dignified function in our national life, we are faced primarily with much the same problems of its composition, its machinery and its direction.

The present House of Peers consists of something over seven hundred living members. That they are alive is proved by Debrett; that is the only concrete evidence, since rarely more than two hundred at the outside attend or take part in the deliberations of their Chamber. That fact raises an immediate issue. Their numbers are obviously excessive, and in any case unwieldy for the purpose I propose to outline. Let us therefore assume, for the sake of discussion, that four hundred is a reasonable number to give adequate representation of all those interests that I shall submit as fitting to be included in our new House. How is that four hundred to be made up?

Some might like to see the existing hereditary representation maintained intact, but since those having the rights do not make use of them, that seems to me a suggestion unsupported by any sound argument. Socialists, of course, and many Liberals, will rail at any proposal to retain the hereditary element at all. For myself, the question of heredity has neither attraction nor repugnance. I fail, however, to see any grounds for excluding men of education and ability from such legislative service, simply because they happen to be the sons, or great-grandsons, of distinguished statesmen, successful industrialists, or erudite scientists, whose services to the community have been rewarded by a Peerage.

But if, for the sake of meeting criticism, we admit that

the principle of legislators having a hereditary right to legislate is indefensible, we are then faced with the problem of finding a substitute Chamber. I am ignoring with, I imagine, fairly general agreement, the contention of some extreme democrats that a Second Chamber is unnecessary. As long as we have democracy and its dangers, we must have some sort of protection from its inherent weaknesses.

In considering the construction of our Second Chamber we must decide firstly its functions, and secondly its composition. But if its composition finds favour with the country its functions will be readily conceded, so we are driven to make a start with composition. May I outline my suggested composition, and then seek to justify it.

On the accepted basis of four hundred members, the first hundred would consist of peers (or peeresses) elected by the total membership of the Peerage. This would ensure (1) that the hereditary principle, in part, was continued, and (2) that the country would have the advantage of those members of the Peerage who had already shown their value by devoted and self-sacrificing service to the State; for obviously only those peers who had consistently given, and were prepared to give, their time, health and ability to such service would be selected.

The second hundred would consist of persons elected by the House of Commons. The House of Commons is elected by the people, and so democracy would have its pound of flesh, and the people, in the end would be responsible for that representation.

The third hundred would be elected by the County Councils and City corporations of Great Britain, thereby providing for the interests of the countryside and great industrial centres receiving their proper and due consideration; while the fourth hundred would be elected by the great professional organizations and trade unions, thus ensuring that those who have qualified for the goodwill and respect of their fellows, by service to their

fellows, would have an adequate representation in the councils of the nation.

Having completed the more or less democratic composition of this new Second Chamber, I come to an important though not yet considered component part. For this part I would suggest that an extra fifty members be added, consisting of (1) Princes of the Royal Blood, (2) Law Lords, and (3) spiritual representatives, that is, nominated dignitaries or leaders of the great religious communities of the country, in proportion as might be decided by Parliament.

We would now have a Chamber representing every section and interest in the country, comprised of its very best elements, and qualified in every way to exercise the highest functions of statesmanship. If that contention is admitted, surely we must give to this new Chamber the powers appropriate to its stature. To do so, the Parliament Act of 1911 must be repealed, and we must give our reconstructed House the right, indeed the duty, to reject, amend or approve all legislation from the Lower House. If rejected, then the people, through the medium of a General Election, would decide the issue.

By these reforms, and by those I have already outlined, will democracy in its own interests be safeguarded, and the integrity of our Constitution be maintained.

"Whither Christendom?"

By The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke

Sine ira et studio.—TACITUS, *Hist. i*, 1.

"I speak as to reasonable men: judge ye what I say."—S. PAUL, 1 Cor. x, 15.

"Truth in what kind soever is by no kind of truth gainsaid."—HOOKER, *Eccl. Pol.*, V, lxvii.

"The present age may be considered an epoch of transition. As such it is full of signs. A new catholic church is preparing . . . by means of Science and the Holy Ghost."—NEANDER, *Life of Christ* (pref. 1847).

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has posed for all of us the question: "What is wrong with the world?" A Lord Mayor of London, since deceased, has replied in some lines of Stevenson's:—

> The world is so full of a number of things
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

But are we? And, if not, there must be something wrong with us—

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves that we are underlings.

Let us carefully and impartially examine the disease that is slowly killing the patient—Europe! In the first place, Europe is losing its political liberty. "Look at Europe," recently cried President Roosevelt, "it has nine dictators and only four parliaments." Everywhere, especially in Marxist Russia and Fascist Italy and Germany, the individual is being subordinated to an omnipotent totalitarian State. No one can read Signor Ferrero's *Greatness and Decline of Rome* without noting the unpleasant parallel between our times and those of the Cæsars. Here once more are "flats" (*insulæ*) instead of homes, the dole (*sportula*) instead of employment, the ex-service men seeking work or land (*coloni*), free food and free education (like the *panem*, if not the *circenses*), and in Italy already payment for the number of children in a family, like Augustus' tax on bachelors.

And with this loss of liberty goes the decline in

morality. In America prohibition led to increased drinking; divorce has reached a total of nearly one million in twenty-five years; juvenile crime costs the government as much as to finance the late war. Yet divorce was unknown in old Rome till after the second Punic War, and then was contrasted by Tacitus with the simple habits of the Germans as being destructive of the Empire, *vergentibus fatis!* In England divorce is on the increase, and suicide still more—it having doubled at Bristol in the last ten years. In 1911 appeared M. Louis Cazamian's *Angleterre et son Evolution*, which complained that an Englishman's vocabulary was being reduced to two words, "comfort" and "gain." In that same year appeared two other remarkable works which portended the Great War in 1914, and in one case actually forecast it—

> The rapid increase of divorce, *especially in Protestant countries*, and the literary glorification of concubinage and free love, are the advance guard of the attack on the foundations of marriage. . . . All our mighty achievements are being hampered . . . all our difficulties are being doubled and all our moral and social diseases are being aggravated by this supreme and dominant fact—that we have suffered our religion to slide from us and that in effect our age has no abiding faith in any religion at all.—(Frederic Harrison, *Autobiography*, vol. ii, pp. 332–3. Constable, 1911.)

The decline in religion was noted the same year by a Member of Parliament for Bethnal Green. And it encouraged him to risk a prophecy that war was the only way out. He noted "a morality without faith" and "among the middle classes—the centre and support of England's Protestant creed—a drift away from the Faith acknowledged by all," which meant "the passing away of a whole civilization from the faith on which it was founded"—

> Society (in the days of the Cæsars) came to a premature end through the intrusion of Christianity *and* the advent of the Barbarian. It is not impossible that the same two disturbing elements . . . may once again prevent the realization of life seeking comfort in a rational society.—(C. F. G. Masterman, *Condition of England*, c. viii.)

That was in 1911. The prophecy came true in 1914!

With this decline in the Christian religion comes the decline of the churches. For Christianity can be no private thing, but a visible profession to the world of its duty towards a living God. The Christian religion is bound up in a visible and historic Church. And if we may compare the Church to the soul and the State to the body of the human organism then the health of the one is essential to the health of the other. Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdyck has said that Science has given man—through the telescope and television—eyes that double the vision of the vulture and—through the wireless—ears that enable him to annihilate distance. Steam and electricity have given him seven-league boots with which to run round the universe of time and space. Thus, he has the body of a giant. But has he the soul of a giant, a religion equal to the size of his new limbs? Let us see!

The Bible is the common textbook of the Christian Faith. Protestantism in particular has claimed to be the religion of the Bible and the Bible only. On this book, at any rate in the last resort, the witness of Christendom was founded. But to-day we are told by Bishop Gore that—

> Neither the Garden of Eden nor the Tower of Babel nor the Flood are strictly history. The books of Kings and Chronicles are not history. . . . Nor is the book of Daniel other than *legendary* narratives. . . . God often used *myth and legend* . . . to teach Israel.—(Gore, *Reconstruction of Belief:* "Belief in God," cc. i and vi.)

In other words, as Gibbon would have said, God used falsehood to teach truth and His agents actually "transmuted legend into history!" If this were so, then, as Bishop Stubbs in his first Diocesan Charge at Oxford rightly said, it "overthrows . . . all definite theories of Prophecy and Revelation." But, since the Old Testament is avowedly the foundation of the New, can the same myth and legend argument be applied here also?

> With regard to New Testament criticism I think it may be said of most . . . that they would not attach much—*if any—historical value*

in the ordinary sense to the Gospels.—(Rev. Dr. Mackay, *Hastie Lectures:* "Religious Thought in Holland," pp. 220 *sq.* Glasgow, 1911.)

These views are held by Dr. R. H. Strahan in his *The Fourth Evangelist: Dramatist or Historian?* (Hodder and Stoughton). They are officially held by the authorities of the Church of England itself! The Bampton Lectures require that the lecturer "confirm and establish the Christian Faith upon the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, upon the authority of the writings of the primitive Fathers, upon the divinity of our Lord . . . and the Holy Ghost, upon the articles of the Christian Faith as comprehended in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. . . . One copy shall be given to the Chancellor of the University." But for the year 1934 the Bampton Lectures omit this proviso. And the lecturer not only directly assails the presuppositions of the Creed (pp. 153, 164, 211, 216), but the historic accuracy of the records and the common honesty of the four Evangelists! S. Matthew and S. Mark are only narrators of "model stories" (p. 206), S. Luke is only a "would-be historian" (p. 30), and S. John one who "walks in a luminous haze" (p. 224). Yet all these authors not only claim to have been "eye-witnesses" (Lu. i, 1–4; John xix, 35, xxi, 24), but regard our Lord as an "Impostor" (S. Matt. xxvii, 63) and themselves as "false witnesses" (1 Cor. xv, 15), if the records are not true to fact! The lecturer is a Mr. R. H. Lightfoot, examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his book is published as a *History and Interpretation in the Gospels*, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for the year 1934. Yet the author has to admit that not a single English theologian is with him, and that he has to "closely follow" two unheard-of Germans (pp. 44, 142 n), and bases his method on that of an avowed infidel, Wellhausen, whose conclusions on the Old Testament, so far from being "established," are accepted by no single Assyrian scholar in the world!

The *Times Literary Supplement* reviewed this book

on July 18, 1935, as "casting fire into the world of religious thought in England by the presentation of views upon the Gospels which obtain in Germany." According to this review, "they constitute a challenge." But how ridiculous a challenge when it is asserted that "the earthly no less than the heavenly Christ is hidden from us by the Gospels," and that the resurrection (according to another work of the same school) can alone be traced to "the visual hallucination" of S. Peter! But let us cite a more competent witness. Mr. Hoskier was an outstanding student of the MSS. of the Greek Testament, and thus he comments on these views: Dr. W. R. Inge holds that—

> S. Paul was an epileptic! The vision he saw took place during such an attack! He imagined that Jesus had appealed to him! . . . S. Luke was attracted by miracles and all that makes history picturesque and romantic! He makes no apology for calling S. Luke a liar. . . . What is he trying to teach? That the Gospel narrative is untrue . . . that our Lord's own followers were addicted to falsehood . . . in delivering their message? . . . I solemnly assure (such) that they will reap a whirlwind from this wicked sowing.—(Hoskier, *Codex B. and its Allies*, vol. i, pp. 478–82. Quaritch, 1914.)

Certainly the Church is reaping. At Easter for the first time not one-twentieth of the nation attends its national Church. The English Church is losing her schools at a rate of over one hundred a year—

> The steady decline in the number of Church schools continues. According to the annual report of the Board of Education, while during the year ended March 31, 1934, there was a net increase of 82 Council Schools, the number of Church Schools decreased by 116. In 1933 the number of Church Schools fell by 117.—(*Guardian*, August 30, 1935.)

"The age stands in doubt," writes the Rev. H. van Dyke, of New York. "Its coat-of-arms is an interrogation-point rampant above three bishops dormant. And its motto is *Query?*" Thus—

> Philosophy, which lean'd on heav'n before,
> Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
> Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires
> And unawares Morality expires.

But is there a way out? Christendom is the heir to an historic faith. And her mission is to proclaim, however feebly, the acts of God in history. The siege of Jerusalem in A.D. 70; the collapse of the Roman Empire in 476, of feudalism after the Black Death of 1348, of medievalism in 1453; the coming of the French Revolution in 1789, of the Reform Act of 1832, of the Great War of 1914 are all Red Letter days in her calendar—

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will.

History, wrote Acton, is a record of the conscience of mankind. History, wrote Macaulay, is Providence moving among the ways of men. History never repeats itself; but human nature is ever the same and like causes bring about like results. The Bishop of Durham has instituted a parallel between the state of religion at the end of the fifteenth century and our own day. The wheel has come full circle. Even unbelief in those far-off days was singularly like our own—

> As we read the records it is hard to escape the conclusion that the Catholic King, the Most Christian King, the Defender of the Faith and a great number of Cardinals did not entertain a much higher view of the papacy than Luther. The only reason why as statesmen they wished to preserve it was the hope of making it useful for their own schemes. But no one showed any practical belief in its spiritual contents.—(Bp. Creighton, *H. Papacy*, vol. v, p. 185.)

Mr. J. A. Ramsay MacDonald, by his "dream" of "taking in *all the creeds*" to "solve the fundamental problems," and Mr. G. Lansbury, with his appeal to "Christendom and *all religions*," remind us of Gibbon's jibe that if to the multitude all religions were equally true, to the philosopher they were equally necessary and to the magistrate equally useful. To which Voltaire added the correct deduction, that if all religions were equally true they must necessarily be equally false! Yet the Church revived like a phœnix from the ashes, clothed with a new power and life. *Igneus est olli vigor et cælestis origo.* That old Church had much the same

moral and political difficulties as ours. Let us take note of two—

> The name of the seventh of the Seven Deadly Sins of the Middle Ages has passed out of modern speech, *Accidie*. . . . The sin was at bottom not a loss of faith in God, but in any real purpose in living. It is precisely this *Accidie* which is the characteristic sin of our time, because we no longer believe in our power to control events. This, the modern form of the medieval sin of *Accidie*, is the root-Sin of our post-War world.—(Rev. R. B. Lloyd, *The Religious Crisis*, pp. 154–5. Lovat Dickson, 1934.)

Again—

> Pope Pius II., the famous Aeneas Sylvius, . . . attempted to constitute a League of Nations. . . . The League which the Popes had aspired to found was rendered ineffectual by . . . national rivalries.—(Lord Rennell of Rodd in *Great Events of History*, pp. 185, 186; ed. G. R. Stirling Taylor. Cassell, 1934.)

But it was the Renaissance under Erasmus that proved the strongest force in the renewed life of Europe. The return to the classics and to the original works of the Fathers, above all, to the original Greek of the New Testament, constituted the highest peak of human achievement. *Juviwat integros accedere fontes*. Religion best flourishes in an age of great literature. It did so in the days of Origen and Athanasius. It did so at the Reformation. It will do so again. "Science," said Kelvin, "is not the antagonist of Religion, but a help to Religion." And even Gibbon stressed the civilizing effect on Europe of "the light of Christianity *and* Science."

What true Science has once done for religion it can do again. And what the revival of the New Testament was to the Church of the Middle Ages the revival of the Old Testament is accomplishing to-day. According to Professors Langdon, Pinches, Yahuda, Garstang, Dougherty, the books of Genesis are "contemporaneous or almost contemporaneous" narratives written in no less than six contemporary languages—Exodus in two (Hebrew and Egyptian), dating back to the days of Tothmes III; Daniel in three (Persian, Hebrew and Aramaic), dating back either to the traditional date or at least far beyond

the Maccabean era accepted by Dr. Gore. (This last view is held by no competent scholar to-day.) Hebrew scholars may dispute these old dates, as did Wellhausen. But—

> From the outset Assyriologists have never doubted the historical accuracy of Genesis c. xiv. And they have connected the facts which it contains with those which seem to be revealed by the Assyrian monuments.—(Maspero, *The Struggle of the Nations*, p. 47n; ed. A. H. Sayce. S.P.C.K., 1910.)

It is the same with the later books, such as Daniel—

> Archæology has inspired . . . a reaction toward . . . historical tradition in the book of Daniel.—(International Critical Commentary, *Daniel*, pp. viii, 58, 109.)

And these *slogans*, "historical accuracy," "reaction toward tradition," are not less true of the New Testament—

> I do not hesitate to use the word "reaction," for things ought to be called by their right names. And in the criticism of the sources of primitive Christianity we are beyond question in the course of a movement of *reaction toward tradition*. . . . The chronological frame within which Tradition has arranged the original documents is *correct* in all essential points . . . and compels the historian to disregard all hypotheses.—(Harnack, *Chronol. AltChr. Litt.*, pref. p. ix. 1897.)

But do these new methods of Science allow the possibility of the miraculous? Most certainly. Newman always admitted that he could find no answer to Hume's argument against miracles. Huxley, in his letter to the *Spectator* of Feb. 10, 1866, thought on the contrary that to disbelieve the possibility of the miraculous was as silly as "polytheism or speculative atheism." Sir Oliver Lodge writes—

> If the historical evidence be strong and definite for the disappearance, not of bodies from tombs, but of that one Body from Its tomb—the exception being justified on the ground of its having been inhabited by an exceptionally mighty Spirit—I am not one to seek to deny the possibility on scientific grounds.—(Lodge, *Man and the Universe*, c. viii.)

But what about creation and the early chapters of Genesis? They are unexpectedly correct!

> The universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling Power that has some thing in common with our own individual minds. . . . Every thing points with overwhelming force to a definite event of creation at some time not infinitely remote. . . . The whole story of the creation of light can be told with *perfect accuracy* and completeness in six words: God said, Let there be light and there was light. To-day Science no longer shuts the door on . . . our innate conviction of Free-will. (Sir J. Jeans, *The Mysterious Universe*, pp. 145–6–8–9; *Eros*, p. 55.)

What, then, about the Bishop of Birmingham's evolution of man from "a tangle of apes"? It is, says the most celebrated professor of science in America, Huxley's friend and favourite pupil, Fairfield Osborn, "a myth and a bogey" (*Man rises from Parnassus*, p. 74: Princeton).

That opinion, strongly maintained in 1914 by Prof. Sir William Bateson in his presidential address to the British Association at Melbourne, has since been upheld in 1930 by Prof. Wood-Jones in his *Man among the Mammals*. Indeed, evolution, the creation of the Ionian physicists of 600 B.C., is no longer feasible in the light of the new knowledge that electricity is the ultimate source of all matter—

> Whereas we set out with the ideas of Uniformity, Continuity, Evolution . . . we have arrived at Variability, Discontinuity and a deep-seated uncertainty about the nature of Time, which may cut at the root of the objective character of Evolution. (Lodge, *Modern Scientific Ideas—Discontinuity*, pp. 18, 19. Benn, 1927.)

It is clear from these first-rate authorities in what direction we are moving. It is no atheistic world which Science reveals, but rather that of a God of Nature Whom the theologians had tended to forget. In the Middle Ages theology thrust out that side of Nature which we now call Science. To-day Science has rather thrust out those factors of the invisible, but real, world which psychology unveils. But the two sides of truth are complementary to each other. Reason answers to Revelation and Faith to Fact. "All things are double, the one over against the other." "What God hath

joined together let not man put asunder." Science, says Huxley, can only explain the surface of things. But—

> Where Reason fails with all her pow'rs
> There Faith prevails and Love adores.

Even Calvin realized this two-foldness of God in His Word and in His works. He defines a miracle thus—

> "God approaches Nature when He does anything beyond Nature. This is not, indeed, always the case. But generally we find that God so works as that He exceeds the measure of Nature and yet from Nature does rarely depart." (*Comm. on Jonah*, c. iv.)

Let us try with the help of this definition to explain what to Bruce, the great traveller in Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, seemed so difficult to explain, namely the passage of Israel across the Red Sea and Jordan and the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. All modern archæological discovery is in these three instances at our service. Garstang was the first to thoroughly investigate the miracle of the crossing of the Jordan by "waters cut off thirty miles" up-stream "at Adam." Precisely at this point, still called El Damieh, the waters have been cut off three times in history, the first in Joshua's day in the year 1400 B.C., the last in our own day, in the year A.D. 1927! The rush of waters from the melted snows of Hermon creates a bar by sweeping away a bank. This becomes a natural dam, which holds up the stream down channel until the force of the current frets its way through and the river resumes her normal course. Hence, in the account we read, "the people hasted to pass over" before the return of the current. In the crossing of the Red Sea an entirely different method took place. An east wind blew violently all night, thus passing the waters over the shallow lagoons till a barrier across the top of the Red Sea above Suez was laid bare. Here Napoleon, in the eighteenth century, and Naville in the nineteenth, were nearly drowned by the unexpected return of the waters. Here along this very barrier Carsten Niebuhr, father of the famous Roman historian,

crossed on his camel with the water washing only up to the animal's knees. But even so Israel would not have escaped but for the providential interposition of a local phenomenon, still to be seen *in situ* and actually seen and described by the present Governor of Sinai, "the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night." It is an electric *cumulus*, a lightning-rod sheathed in a cloud which glitters by night and is seen only as a storm-cloud by day. This moves about the Sinaitic region, having a torpedo bottom, which as soon as it touches the ground bursts into a shower of rain. Psalm lxxvii, 17, illustrates this action of the storm-cloud as part of the factor which hampered the Egyptian chariots in pursuit. According to the *Morning Post* for March 29, 1932, manna is still falling in the Transvaal near Louis Botha's farm in exactly the same mysterious form as that which fell in Moses' day. In 1703, at Metz, the shadow cast by the sun on the grass dial of Prior Rumbold, owing to the beam being intersected by a fine mist, retired several degrees as on the dial of Ahaz in Isaiah's day. Moses' rock struck at Rephidim, now Wady Feiran, in our own day has given clear water to the thirsting Soudanese Camel Corps, thereby unsealing the stone formation round the orifice of the rock—

> There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
> Than are thought of in your philosophy.

It is the same with the miracles of the New Testament. Egyptian astronomical tables from 17 B.C. to A.D. 10 have been found to give a conjunction of three planets announcing the birth of Messiah for the year 6 B.C. The Trinity in Unity bears a curious analogy to the mathematical fact that in the sunbeam co-exist the three primary colours, red, yellow, blue, which are the foundation of all colour, and yet in their totality make up white! The raising of the dead is a proof of the fact that death is unnatural and an intruder into God's universe and that the word of Omnipotent command was in this case only a variety of "Back to Nature!" More difficult to imagine

is the feeding of the five thousand from a multiplication of Nature's five loaves and only two small fishes. Yet this in our own time has received a remarkable confirmation from Marshal Foch!

> During those unforgettable days of the Marne . . . I thought at first . . . it was just a peculiar tension of the nerves. Yet later I took the trouble to question and verify and found the most convincing testimony—that of the doctor and stretcher-bearers who finally found the men. . . . The whole battlefield seemed awake. . . . All the sufferings of mankind seemed concentrated on that one unhallowed spot. . . . The sergeant . . . succeeded in rounding up a small company of wounded, some of them atrociously mutilated . . . into the Church. . . . Their plight was awful; they were half insane with thirst, for they had been fighting for five days with hardly any food or drink. Men began to rave. One of the Germans called on God to come down and save them. . . . It was a starry moon-lit September night and the roof of the Church was off. . . . The sergeant began talking to the Figure above the altar: "Jesus Christ, I do not know You, but You know me if what the priest says is true. . . . *Eh bien*, Jesus Christ, give us bread and wine so that we may live . . . and the Germans also!" The Figure . . . moved and seemed to come down the steps with hands extended . . . feeding the wounded with pieces of bread and giving them wine out of a cup. The sergeant insisted that there was a loaf of bread and a large cup of wine. . . . It was not like food and drink you swallow and feel going down inside. It seemed to go everywhere. . . . It was almost three days later that an ambulance found them. The doctor wondered how they could have survived without food or drink, mutilated and mangled as they were. The doctor said the fact that none of the men suffered infection in spite of the terrible wounds was miraculous. . . . There could be no doubt about it. One man could have suffered a hallucination—not a company of men of such alien races as French and Germans. (A. J. Russell, *Their Religion:* "Marshal Foch," pp. 72–82. Hodder and Stoughton, 1934.)

It is pleasant to quote this from a book written under the auspices of the Oxford Group Movement, which is of German origin, being the foundation of an American Lutheran pastor. For in Germany to-day all the churches are fighting a bitter war against the State. The *concordat* made with the Roman Church in 1933 has been of little force. Strong in her peasant population the Church of Rome complains that the totalitarian State has robbed

her of her freedom of the Press. But the Protestant churches, though for the first time aligned by the Rhineland Confessional Synod, are fighting a similar battle, on the issue that the Church is no mere organ of the State and that the Gospels are authoritative for its mission on earth. To add to the difficulties a new German Church of a neo-pagan kind has raised its head for something like the worship of Odin. Scientific paganism is no new issue. Erasmus feared it four hundred years ago as the result of Science. "Unus adhuc scrupulus habet animum meum ne, sub obtentu priscæ literaturæ renascentis, caput erigere conetur PAGANISMUS (*Ep.* 543 : ed. P. S. Allen). No one-sided insistence on faith against science or on reason against revelation will meet the issue. It is in the juxtaposition of the natural and supernatural that alone the forces of faith and fact can win the day. It is along these lines that Mr. H. V. Morton has so deservedly won success with his book on Palestine, *In the Steps of the Master*. And it is along these lines that Jowett predicted that the Church was still on the eve of its greatest and most triumphant success. "The Church," said Polycarp, "is an anvil that has worn out many hammers." *Ingens omen habet magni clarique triumphi!*

P.S.—Since this article was sent to the press the following unexpected confirmations may be welcome. The Archbishop of York's Committee to consider the relations between Church and State has met. One of its reported members is Prof. C. C. J. Webb, late Oriel Professor of Biblical Exegesis. His latest book, *The Historical Element in Religion* (Allen and Unwin), denies the Virgin Birth, Resurrection, Last Supper and Promise to S. Peter —thus constituting, as the New Testament records themselves show, our Lord an "Impostor" and His apostles "false witnesses" (S. Mat. xxvii, 63; 1 Cor. xv, 15). At the Bournemouth Church Congress the Bishop of Bradford recognized the dangerous character of Dibelius' assault on the historic trustworthiness of the Gospels, but omitted to mention that these very views

were officially accepted by the examining chaplain of Canterbury Diocese, where the Diocesan Conference admitted an increase in divorce to 4,000 annually and where the attendance at church in the Sittingbourne rural deanery has already fallen to only 3 per cent.! Yet again, on the other hand, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest play, *The Simpleton in the Unexpected Isles*, announces with confidence the certainty of a coming Day of Judgment. Again, the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, Sir Gilbert Murray, announces a resurrection of the dead " on the third day " by a " saviour " called " the third One " as a constant expectation of the heathen world (*Five Stages in Greek Religion*, p. 33; ed. Watts; *see* Vergil, *A.*, 210; Eur., *Hec.*, 32, 1146; Lycophron, *Cass.*, 33). Thus all ancient History and all modern Science confirm the Bible.

The position is well summed up in a Roman Catholic periodical issued from Oxford:

> The modern error lies in having separated and opposed Humanism and Christianity. It has turned Humanism into a religion and made the Christian religion a private matter of conscience or else a sect or church that would be the affair only of priests and pious ladies. What we must do is to re-establish the union and synthesis of the Human and the Christian. The Christian is in this world and must transform it in accordance with religious values; and the Human must be penetrated by Christianity. . . . This struggle is not something peculiar to Germany but exists in every country, for the apostasy from Christianity is everywhere present. . . . So much liberty has been lost, even under modern democracies . . . that everywhere there is need to fight for it and re-win it. England and France—the only great countries left in Europe where political liberties have survived—are to-day troubled by the doubt *if* and *how* they should defend Christian values and human liberties. (*Blackfriars*, Nov., 1935, p. 840.)

E. F. Scott's *New Testament Idea of Revelation* (Nicholson & Watson) comes just in time to confirm this.

How It Was Done

By Jane Soames

THE parish church of Mildenhall, near Marlborough, in the county of Wilts, is a very beautiful and ancient structure. It stands in the Kennet valley, the village being upon the site of the Roman settlement Cunetio, and parts of the main structure of the church are said to be pre-Norman. The village houses have in course of time been moved a few hundred yards higher, away from the river mists; and the church below them is so much part of its surroundings that it appears almost to grow out of the ground and to be as native to the soil as the elm trees and sarsen stones. The interior, save for one unfortunate stained-glass window in a dark corner, has remained unaltered for nearly a hundred and twenty years.

By six small inscriptions just under the roof upon wooden tablets we learn that " This Church, deeply in decay, was all but rebuilded generously and piously at their own expense by . . . in 1816 "—and here follow two names upon each panel, those of the twelve most substantial owner and tenant farmers of the time. It is an overstatement: no doubt the church was " deeply in decay," yet " all but rebuilded " is too strong. The structure was put into good repair, the roof and tower made secure and the whole interior redecorated, but nothing was done to alter the main architectural features of the building. This generous and pious work endures: the carved box pews, the panelling and oak work in the gallery; the handsome painted panel of the Arms of England over the chancel, the carved reredos and altar rails and the fine oak pulpit and reading desk, each with its canopy; nothing has been touched and the only recent addition of any importance is an organ in the gallery.

A large number of miscellaneous papers have been preserved in the parish records as well as the registers; and among them, besides correspondence, bills and notes,

the records for Poor Relief from 1782 to 1811. A study of these chance survivals is extremely interesting, for they reveal how it was that this small agricultural community could afford such very high expenditure as is represented by their admirable restoration of the church.

The bills for this work have survived: between 1815 and 1816 a total amount of £1,420 7s. 10d. was spent upon labour and materials, and though the twelve yeomen claim to have defrayed the cost "at their own expense" this statement, though no doubt substantially true, must be modified by the fact that in 1823, 1824, 1825, 1827 and 1831 a special rate was levied on the parish "for and towards defraying the necessary expenses and disbursements that have been laid out and expended about the necessary repairs of the said parish Church"; so that they did not entirely finish the work. The total sum for the five years raised by this special rate was £178 18s. 3¾d. At the beginning of the century (in 1801) the very heavy expense of new church bells was also undertaken. There was then a bell foundry at the village of Aldebourne, a few miles distant, and the admirable peal which it provided still exists; the total cost of the installation of which was £153. Therefore if we except the special rate levied in the years 1827 and 1831, in the first twenty-five years of the century we have a record of £1,675 9s. 1d. spent upon Mildenhall Church. And this is certainly not all, for the Rector of the day, the Reverend Charles Francis, who held the living from 1788 to 1821, was a comparatively rich man, a bachelor, enjoying as well as the revenues of Mildenhall those of Collingbourne Ducis, and very lavish in his expenditure upon the church. Many bills to him above and beyond those included in the general sums for the restoration quoted above have survived among the parish papers, nor do they represent anything approaching the sum total of his generosity. In the printed record of a sermon preached upon him at his death he is stated to

have expended upwards of two thousand pounds upon the church, and to have paid for the decoration of the chancel and gallery. There was also resident in the parish at the time one Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Baskerville, a J.P. whose official signature appears continually; no doubt he also took some part in the work, for he was a friend and ally of Charles Francis and the ornate tablet to his memory was placed in the chancel of the church.

How was it done? How came it in those years of high prices and the strain of the Napoleonic Wars, when the Bank of England had for the first time been forced to the issue of paper money and the country was suffering the full force of the Berlin Decrees, in a district which had not begun to feel the effect of the industrial revolution, that this small, sparsely inhabited parish employed exclusively in agriculture (and that on a very moderate soil) could afford [without any bank loan, paying cash for everything] such renovation of its parish church as would be quite beyond the resources of a similar community to-day—putting in work of a beauty and excellence which is as good now as when it was done?

The answer, as to all such questions, is of course partly a question of personality. The Reverend Charles Francis was the inspirer and instigator of the enterprise, and contributed largely to it himself in time, money and intelligence: without him it would not have been possible. He was a famous local figure in his day, and not only Rector but a Justice of the Peace, active in secular as well as clerical affairs. He caused a bridge to be built over the Kennet where previously there had been only a ford and a wooden foot-bridge, defraying most of the cost himself; and he left £4,000 to build and endow a village school, as well as £100 for the repair and ornamentation of the church. But even he would not have made bricks without straw; he had no great landlord to turn to, and the bulk of the heavy expense undertaken by his parishioners at his instigation during

those 25 years was borne by the tenant and owner farmers of the parish.

How was it done? Where did the money come from?

The answer is twofold: the price of wheat and the rate of agricultural wages. The production of milk is now the staple industry of Mildenhall Parish; but in those days, under the protection of the Corn Laws, wheat was the mainstay of all mixed farming. Wheat could not be imported into the country until the price had reached 80s. a quarter (£1 a sack), and upon the price of wheat agricultural profits depended. So high were they in that period that all available land was put under plough, and the marks of the furrow still remain on the edges of the Downs in many places where the soil is so thin that if you dig a few inches you come to the chalk.

In 1800/1 the price of wheat rose to 116s. 8d. (£2. 18s. 2d. a sack); in the following six years it fell to 73s. 8d., but in 1812 it rose again to no less a figure than 155s., that is £3 17s. 6d. a sack. There is no need to stress the effect of such violent fluctuations upon prices. We are to-day accustomed to consider wages as tied of necessity to the cost of living, but in agricultural England during the first quarter of the 19th century such a conception had not yet been appreciated: wages remained unchanged, the farmers and landowners were making fortunes, but their labourers certainly did not share then.

And wheat was not the only commodity which rose in value at the time. The records of Mildenhall parish contain a very interesting letter which helps to prove the rise in the cost of living, written by the two local doctors employed on yearly contract by the Overseers to attend the poor of the parish. Here it is:—

"To the Overseers of Mildenhall.

Gentlemen,

As the number of Paupers in every Parish are very much encreased, and the price of drugs greatly raised to us, together with every other Article in Life, we are under the necessity of proposing an advance of Salary for our attendance on the poor

of your Parish. Or we will attend the poor of your Parish without a contract, on as reasonable terms as any other Medical Gentlemen.

We are Gentlemen, your obedient servants,

PINCKNEY & MAURICE.

Marlborough.

6 April 1801."

And on the next page they make their proposal :—

" Gentlemen,

We are willing to attend the Poor of your Parish from Easter 1801 to Easter 1802, excluding Fractures, Smallpox and Midwifry for the sum of £15. 15. 0."

There is a subsequent bill for their services dated 1809 for twelve guineas which seems to prove that their appeal was vain; but in 1818 they got one guinea more.

The letter raises an interesting point besides the rise in the cost of living: the increase in the number of paupers. For to such a pitch had prices risen that the rate of wages had to be supplemented by parish relief; the agricultural labourers were often unable to feed and clothe themselves and their families.

There is also a document of a slightly earlier date (1795) which still further emphasizes the enormous proportion of the population on wages below subsistence level who were kept alive out of the rates. This is a list of the quantity of bread to be allowed weekly to the poor inhabitants of Mildenhall. It contains fifty-eight names, with the quantities they are to receive, making a weekly grand total of one hundred and ninety-seven gallon loaves. This speaks for itself. There could not possibly have been a sufficient number of old and infirm only to consume such an amount, and the fact that many of the persons who received free bread were heads of families is proved by the amounts allotted to them, some receiving as much as nine gallon loaves per week, sufficient to feed a large household.

We have in the Mildenhall parish papers abundant evidence of the important part played in the life of the

little community by the Overseers for the Relief of the Poor; an exact account of all their expenditure from 1782 to 1811 is contained in two vellum-bound books, and besides these there are dozens of miscellaneous bills, letters, memoranda and records of legal business. From these papers, and from accounts of work done on the church and the roads, it is possible to arrive at a pretty clear idea of what the rate of wages was in a parish the rateable value of which was assessed in 1808 at £1,934; and which besides the sums expended upon poor relief, the upkeep of roads and other public business was able to spend £1,675 9s. 1d. upon the embellishment and repair of its church in twenty-five years.

The following figures are extracted from these records. They are of course incomplete, and it must be remembered that the bills for work done upon the church and the building of a poor-house refer to more skilled and therefore more highly paid labour than that of 90 per cent. of the inhabitants of the parish working on the land. Unfortunately the bills remaining for work on the construction and repair of roads were mostly paid to farmers, who charge for the use of their teams and carts at so much per day, paying their own men's wages, which of course they do not specify. The average charge for a team of two horses is ten shillings a day, and that almost certainly includes two men's wages, as two are almost always employed in carting work.

Date.		*Wages per day.*
1801	A skilled workman and labourer, the two... ...	4/2
,,	A boy	1/–
,,	A skilled workman	3/–
,,	A skilled workman (repairing Church Tower) ...	2/6
1815	Bricklayers employed on the Church, a man and labourer, the two	5/4
,,	A builder's labourer	3/–
,,	A skilled man and an apprentice employed on interior decoration, the two	5/4
,,	A painter's labourer	2/–
1812	A man spreading stones (agricultural work) ...	1/8
,,	A woman at work on the roads	7d.

Date.		*Wages per month.*
1818	An under-carter (agricultural work)	£3
1819	An agricultural labourer	£2
1812	*A Seamstress.*	*Piece Work*
	Making a shift for a woman	5d.
	,, shirt ,, man	6d.
	Making two shifts, a coat and gown for a woman	1/2
	Making three boy's shirts	1/4
		Wages per week.
1810	A woman, for looking after Philip Baker's wife ...	1/-

From this we see that 30s. a week was the maximum earned by a skilled workman, and labourers were paid something between one and two shillings a day, i.e. less than 15s. a week. And we have another valuable piece of evidence as to the rates of wages paid to agricultural labourers from a list (1800) of all families in the parish receiving relief, giving the number of persons in each household, the amount of wages and the relief allotted to each. There are no less than 64 families in receipt of relief. The highest earning family (9 persons) earns 19s. 6d. and is allowed 3s. relief; and this is only 6d. less than the highest total income of earnings plus allowance. An average example is William Looker, family of four persons, earning 13s., and receiving from the Overseers of the Poor an allowance of 1s. 6d. a week. There are 31 families on the list with a total earned income of less than 10s. a week.

In the consideration of wages it must of course always be borne in mind that, as well as a cottage rent free, beer was very often if not always supplied by the employer in addition. There is a bill for £11 16s. 5d. in the church accounts for beer supplied to the men working on the restoration during a space of 14 months. But even so, upon such a scale of cash payment it is hardly to be wondered that Doctors Maurice and Pinckney complain of the great increase in the number of paupers!

There is abundant evidence as to how this population of farm labourers, without property, growing the wheat

which fetched £3 17s. 6d. a sack in 1812, and buying their bread at a corresponding rate, were dealt with by the authorities when starvation, sickness and old age overtook them. The rates levied for their relief vary almost exactly with the price of wheat: in 1800, when it stood at 116s. 8d. a quarter the rates were at 2s. in the pound; in 1803 and for several years afterwards, when wheat fell to 73s. 8d., the rates also sank to 1s. in the pound; but by 1811, when wheat was rising to its peak figure of 155s. a quarter, the rates had already gone to 3s. in the pound and expenditure on relief had reached £229 13s. 9d., as compared with £123 2s. 6d. in 1803, when wheat was low.

The printed form of instructions to Overseers for the Relief of the Poor upon their appointment makes interesting reading. They are bidden to levy a rate, and employ the proceeds to—

> "Set to work all children and all such within your parish whose parents shall not be thought able by you to maintain them: to set to work all such persons married or unmarried having no means to maintain themselves and using no trade to get their living by, and also for the raising of a convenient stock of hemp, flax, wool, thread, iron and other stuffs for those purposes: and also for the providing of necessary relief for such persons as are lame, halt, blind, poor or unable to work within your said parish, and for the placing out as apprentices of such children as aforesaid."

There are a long series of regulations governing the distribution of parish relief, all aimed at preventing the Overseers from relieving people without proper claim; a yearly revision of the list of those receiving relief is to be made, and no one not on the list is to receive relief "except in case of pestilential diseases, plague or smallpox, and for such families only as are infected, and also upon any sudden and emergent occasion."

In 1795 a poor-house had been built at a cost of £66 12s. 1¾d. (it still stands, long since transformed into cottages, and is a striking proof that the Overseers of Mildenhall were not extravagant); and we have record of

the purchase of cotton, cards and other materials for the indigent poor to spin, the purchase of a book to keep a record of the parish apprentices, the payment of rent, allowances for bastards (which vary from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a week), and much miscellaneous expenditure upon clothes, boots, allowances for girls going into domestic service to buy an outfit, small sums expended upon somebody's illness beyond the contracted twelve guineas per annum for the doctor's services, and the funeral expenses of paupers.

But the overseers, with this population on and often below the borderline of a subsistence wage depending upon them, were very careful not to allow anybody into their charge who could possibly be proved to have a legal domicile elsewhere. They did their utmost to "pass on the baby" to some other parish whenever possible. There remain several forms of complaint, signed and witnessed before a magistrate, that persons not possessing a legal settlement have come to inhabit a certain parish, with orders to their own parish to remove them, as they have become chargeable to a parish where they have no settlement. And there are also several pathetic declarations, signed upon oath by single women, that they are with child, that the infant is "likely to be born a bastard," and giving the name of the father, whose parish is summoned to produce him and compel him to pay not the mother but her parish, in order that it shall be indemnified for the expense of his offspring.

It may perhaps be interesting to reproduce a typical week's expenditure from the Mildenhall Parish book :—

March 30, 1811.	£	s.	d.
Mortimer's boy a greatcoat	0	11	6
Baker's boy a wascoat	0	7	4
John Smith a greatcoat	0	19	0
John Ford a shirt	0	6	6
Sawyer's girl a shift	0	2	1
William Jones	0	4	0
William B. Jones	0	4	0
Widdow Wait...	0	2	0

March 30, 1811.	£	s.	d.
Widdow Davis	0	2	0
,, Sawyer	0	2	0
,, Lewis	0	2	0
,, Butcher	0	2	0
John Smith	0	2	6
Richard Egelton	0	3	0
Sarah Bayley	0	2	9
Widdow Bayley	0	1	3
Widdow Sutton	0	2	0
Richard Cooper	0	3	0
Caroline Wait	0	1	0
John Cox's family	0	4	0
Paid for a letter	0	1	0

Many of the names of course recur week after week, for example those of the widows, with an allowance of 2s.

As to prices at the time, we have a good deal of evidence, most of it from the Overseers accounts :—

Date.		£	s.	d.	
1812	Man's shoes	0	6	6	
1803	Flannel shirt	0	5	6	
	26 ells of wide dowlass (a coarse cotton material)	0	1	8	per ell.
	A hat (for a man)	0	2	3	
	a pair of stockings	0	1	4	
	ditto	0	1	6	
1811	A shirt	0	6	6	
	A greatcoat for a boy	0	11	6	
	,, ,, man	0	19	0	
	A girl's shift	0	2	1	
	A petticoat	0	3	0	
	mending a man's shoes	0	2	2	
	A girl's coat	0	8	0	
	John Ford, for clothing his daughter going to service	0	9	0	
	Giles' girl towards shoes	0	2	6	

It is pretty obvious from these figures (and the Overseers of the Poor looked very carefully after their expenditure) that a weekly wage of under a pound a week for an agricultural labourer and his family would not stretch to many new clothes. There are yearly bills

from the blacksmith to the Overseers for tips and nails to shoes for upwards of three dozen people—those shoes no doubt had to last a long time.

Apart from their interest in proving where the money came from, and how the farmers of Mildenhall Parish could afford to lend their men and carts, provide material and expend over fifteen hundred pounds in twenty-five years upon the repair and embellishment of their church, these papers which survive make entrancing reading. They give a picture of a very stable society, the same names appearing for a lifetime, and there is hardly one which would not figure in a census of the parish to-day. Much of the spelling is phonetic, " shoul " for shovel; " greement " for agreement; " jacout " for jacket, etc.: nor has the Wiltshire accent changed since those words were written. But when one remembers the famous farmer's saying of the early part of the last century, " what we want is a wet harvest and a bloody war," it is better understood in the light of these parish papers. The time was one of transition, the machine age was soon to make cheap imported food for the industrial masses in the towns a consideration of paramount importance in the national economy; the manufacturers carried the day in spite of the opposition of the aristocratic oligarchy which had governed England for a hundred and fifty years and whose wealth depended upon agriculture; the Corn Laws were repealed (in 1846) and agricultural wages rose slowly. But before the change came the mass of the population on the land lived very near the bone indeed, though the country as a whole was prosperous. The margin of surplus at the disposition of the agriculturalists of Mildenhall Parish is represented in part by their expenditure upon the church; and they made the money out of the high price of wheat and their own labourers' wages.

But there were compensations. A bill to the churchwardens from the Cross Keys Inn of Marlborough for a feast which took place on the 4th of September, 1801

(probably in celebration of the Peace of Amiens), has been preserved. Here it is :—

	£	s.	d.
To fifteen bottles of port wine	2	12	6
To five bottles of white ditto	1	0	0
To 49 gallons of Strong Beer	4	18	0
To four gallons of Ale	0	5	4
To three bottles of French Brandy	0	15	0
To two ditto Jamaica Rum	0	9	0
To one bottle Shrub	0	4	0
To two bottles of Gin	0	6	0
To sugar Etc.	0	2	0
To Bread and Cheese	0	16	6
To Beef and Mutton, 57 lbs.	2	2	9
To two Puddings	0	8	0
To Salt, Flour and Vegetables	0	3	0
To Tobacco	0	2	0
To Dressing and Attendance	0	14	0
	£14	16	0

England did not drink so much tea in those days; but in spite of the change of habit the Cross Keys still exists, though they would hardly sell you strong beer at two pence a gallon, brandy at five shillings a bottle, rum at four and sixpence, or gin at three shillings to-day.

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The Artist in Social Life

By R. H. Wilenski

"The expression of tormented defiance that looks out upon us from under the extravagant slouched hat and disordered hair and over the wild large tie of the artist."—H. G. WELLS.

"I maintain that it is an essential part of the job of an artist to meet the demands of a market. . . . I have no use for artists who, determined to be original at any cost, are original at the cost of their friends and their tradesmen. I would call them spongers, harpies and even thieves. . . . I esteem more highly a man who is an honest citizen at the expense of art than a man who is an honest artist at the expense of citizenship."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

I

EXTRAVAGANT slouched hats, disordered hair and wild large ties are rarely worn nowadays by English artists. But an expression of tormented defiance can still frequently be seen on artists' faces; I have observed it under hats of ordinary dimensions—even occasionally under bowlers. What causes that tormented expression? Who torments the artist? And how and why? And why do we note this expression on some artists—but not on others?

In many cases the whole thing is nothing more, of course, than a matter of money. Artists, like other people, often look harassed and defiant when they are men of spirit and desperately hard up, and their expression becomes more contented if they get some well-paid work or if an Australian aunt dies and leaves them dividends to keep the wolf from the easel. In other cases the trouble comes from physical ill-health. Artists, like the rest of us, sometimes suffer from their teeth or their liver; and their expression brightens when they have visited the dentist or taken their Kruschen or Schweppes' tonic. But there are many cases which cannot be so simply diagnosed because the trouble comes from a conflict between the artist and his environment or from some conflict in the artist's mind.

To understand those cases we must distinguish at the

outset between the concept of the artist *qua* artist and the concept of the artist as a unit in social life. When I was an art student before the war, it was assumed in a vague way, in the studios of London and Paris, that art was an international activity, that the artist was a citizen of the world, that art knew nothing of frontiers, and so on and so forth. But no artist now pictures himself as a world citizen—because it is too evident, as things stand, that he cannot travel far without a passport or stay long anywhere without a *permit de sejour*; that artists innocent of such papers are condemned to wander precariously when they are not confined in concentration camps or prisons; and that, though art may be an international activity, the artist himself is normally a national of one country which protects and serves him exactly as it protects and serves its other nationals (unless the country be Germany and the artist a Jew). Artists are ready to return to their country the same degree of service that their fellow nationals return as fair exchange for services received. But—and here we approach the centre of our problem—though the artist may give the same *degree* of service he may not always give the same *kind* of service as his neighbours. He may repay the benefits received by the normal services or he may repay with a special kind of service that only an artist (and a special kind of artist) can give.

An artist can give three main types of service—service assessable in terms of money, service assessable in terms of life, and service assessable in terms of propaganda. An artist may say to his country: "I have produced ten pictures (or statues) this year which I have exchanged in the market for £1,000. My neighbour has made £1,000 by the sale of butterscotch. I have served you no worse and no better than he. I owe you no more and no less than he owes you for benefits received." Or he may say to his country: "I have produced ten pictures this year which are contributions to life—though their exchange value in the market is nothing. You must

regard this production as service rendered to you by me." The artist, that is to say, may take the line that his creative work is in itself a service to his country and the human race, whether it is saleable or sold or not, just as man and woman may take the line that the creation of their children is a service to their country and the human race, whether the babes are saleable or sold or not. And, thirdly, an artist may claim to have repaid the benefits received from his country by producing pictures, statues, etc., which are good propaganda for or against Pacifism, Nationalism, Prohibition, Rear Lights on Bicycles, or whatever it may be.

Now it is obvious that the expression on an artist's face will be determined to some extent by the answer he receives from his country when he offers it service in one of the above-named ways. If his " Claims for Relief," as it were, are accepted he may smile as he rides on the tiger; if they are declined, the smile, as the rhyme goes, is more likely to be seen elsewhere. We have therefore to inquire how in fact the claims of artists are habitually treated in England.

When a painter or sculptor is *frankly* engaged in making money by meeting the demands of an existing market, the great majority of English people do not regard him as one of those mysterious creatures to whom the word artist is properly applied; they regard him as an ordinary citizen engaged in a particular trade: in their eyes he is " Jones (artist) " just as his neighbour is " Brown (tobacconist)." The same applies to the artist with private means who claims to do no more than paint, sculpt, etc., as an unpaid occupation or, as his neighbours would say, " as a hobby "; such an artist is ranked by the great majority of Englishmen as " Smith (independent; artist) " just as his neighbour is ranked " Robinson (independent; angler)." Neither the artist who works admittedly for money nor the artist who works admittedly for fun is reckoned an artist, except for census purposes, by the great majority of Englishmen; the first is looked

on as a particular kind of tradesman, and the second as a particular kind of gentleman; and, as in normal times neither seems worthy of any special rewards or punishments whatever his work may look like, there is no reason, as far as their social relations are concerned, why either should appear tormented or defiant.

The word artist, in the minds of the vast majority of Englishmen, means the artist whose work is in fact assessable in terms of human experience, the artist, that is to say, whose work contributes to life. The vast majority of English people believe that artists of this kind exist. They do not regard their claims for special reliefs and rewards and privileges as preposterous. Far from it. They believe in the presence of such artists, they admit their claims, and they believe that their earthly home is Burlington House, Piccadilly. This was brought about in 1768 by a group of artists, with Reynolds at their head, who claimed relief and reward from their country on the ground that their art was a service to the country. George III admitted the claim, christened those artists "The Royal Academy," and guaranteed them against financial distress. Later, in 1867, when the Academy had made a good deal of money, it was given, as further reward and relief, a site in Piccadilly which it still occupies. The vast majority of the British public approve those rewards and reliefs and add their own shillings when they inspect the wares exposed for sale in Burlington House—the Academy's shop window in Piccadilly. And they take this line because they believe that the particular artists whose works are exposed there are neither tradesmen engaged in working for existing markets in order to make money, nor gentlemen living on their incomes and painting and sculpting to keep themselves out of mischief, but a concentration of the "real" artists at present performing in the country as a whole. Thus real, i.e. original, creative artists, whose work in fact contributes to experience, are not in conflict here with the main body of their environment, they are

not tormented by it, but treated with respect and given reliefs and privileges—if their work can be found in the Academy shop window. But if their work is not to be found there, they are looked on by the vast majority of their countrymen as probably failures, eccentrics, or impostors who can be reasonably neglected and fairly ridiculed. Some such artists, by organizing shop windows of their own, contrive to capture the attention and respect of small sections of the public. A few keep their end up conspicuously in these difficult conditions. But many resent those conditions with great bitterness and wear that expression of tormented defiance as result.

Very few painters and sculptors now render the third type of service—propaganda for some particular ideology or "cause" or for some particular institutions or conditions. Such service, which can only be rendered by the *subject* of the works, is mainly found in political cartoons, posters, official statues, paintings of official ceremonies, etc.; and the majority of such things, being, generally speaking, trade productions, are no more properly described as propaganda than they are properly described as original works of art. Nevertheless any artist, in certain circumstances, may be wrongly regarded as a propagandist. His work may be used, for example, in some way that he neither intended nor foresaw. History provides us with examples of such cases. Whistler's "*Portrait of my Mother*" was used as a recruiting poster in the last war. Louis David awoke one morning in 1789 to find himself hailed "The Painter of the Revolution," commissioned by the Jacobins to paint "*Le Serment du Jeu de Paume*," and given a church as a studio in which to paint it—because his picture in the Salon (which was a commission from the King and had not been intended by the artist as propaganda for one side or the other) was looked on as revolutionary propaganda on the strength of its subject: "*The first Consul Brutus with the corpses of his two sons whom he had condemned to death for conspiring against Roman*

Freedom." Then again, any artist, in certain conditions, may find himself quite wrongly regarded as a propagandist because the *style* of his pictures or sculpture—independent of their subject—has been represented as in some way connected with some particular ideology, or " cause," or conditions, etc. Art historians find it entertaining to work out theories of relation between styles in art and attitudes in other fields; and those theories are sometimes exploited by political opportunists for their own ends. Any style in art may thus get a good name or a bad name as a result of circumstances with which the artists were in no way concerned or connected. Here, too, we have historical examples. There is nothing in pageant art as such which links it intrinsically to the rack and the stake, but the Dutch at the beginning of the seventeenth century would have nothing to do with the pageant art of the High Renaissance (brilliantly continued by Rubens and his school a few miles away) because they had been taught to link it in their minds with the pomp and pageantry which had accompanied the Spanish persecutions. In the French Revolution, when David as Art Dictator declared the neo-classic style, which he himself worked in, to be " The Style of the Revolution," it was more than a man's life was worth to paint pictures in the styles of Watteau or Boucher, which the Revolutionary Government condemned as " old régime " (though, in fact, the neo-classic style was as much " old régime " as the others because it had been launched in the reign of Louis XV by Mme de Pompadour when her architect brother came back from Pompeii, and the Louis XVI style which resulted had been fundamentally, as is well known, neo-classic). Recently the Russian and German governments have spread similar prejudices for their own political ends. From the standpoint of the creative artist, the gravest danger in this connection is the plain fact that any original contribution in art is always liable to be misrepresented not only by political opportunists but also

by perfectly honest and mistaken spectators. An original style in art is always vulnerable at its first appearance, because it always seems, until people have got used to it, very strange and disturbing, and people tend for this reason to suspect its authors and to believe anything alleged against them by anyone.

The above are situations actual and possible which might account for that "expression of tormented defiance" in the case of artists who claim reliefs and rewards from their country because they have produced original art, and of artists wrongly accused of propaganda service to some condemned or unpopular ideology or "cause."

But there are also other grounds for that expression. One such ground is the perpetual war between the genuine original artist and the men who claim to be such, but who in fact are impostors. A genuine original artist can always detect an impostor (it takes him about as long to do it as it takes a dog to discover that a stuffed dog is not a dog). But no layman has yet evolved an infallible means of making this distinction. Also it is impossible for the layman to distinguish between the genuine original artist who calls the impostor an impostor, and the impostor who calls the genuine original artist an impostor, because, though the one knows what he is taking about and the other does not, both use the same terms of abuse or ridicule. The resulting confusion is a source of much bitterness to the real original artist who never more than half expects the public to understand him, but nevertheless resents misunderstandings when they come. And here I must mention another danger which the original artist has occasionally to face—the danger that his work, through a misunderstanding, may wrongly be regarded as indecent. If his work really is indecent, the artist, of course, knows it to be so; and in that case he has obviously no shadow of a right to exhibit it, and no shadow of a right to complain of misunderstanding. But if on the other hand the work is really not

indecent, he may argue that it would be merely cowardice to evade misunderstanding by keeping it concealed; and he may exhibit in the faith that the majority of the public will not fail to recognize the difference between the smooth prettiness of popular lascivious art and the entirely frank and rough or symbolic statements of a major painter and sculptor. But this faith also is only a half-faith; here also, at bottom, the major artist only half expects understanding, and then bitterly resents misunderstanding when it comes. The bigger and more original the artist the more liable he is to misunderstanding of this kind. Both Michelangelo and Rodin might in certain conditions have suffered in this way. Lascivious suggestive art keeps so many people in a good temper, and the interests vested in it are so ubiquitous, that both honest men and political opportunists habitually think twice before attacking its authors; but as original artists are never numerous, as their work is never widely enjoyed at the time of its production, and as no interests to speak of are vested in it, there is always the danger that a really big artist may find himself victimised for his faith or half-faith in the public's power to understand his attitude, motive and procedures.

Another cause of distress to artists is the war between original artists on the one hand and, on the other, the popular artists who meet the demands of existing markets by producing derivative pictures and sculpture and otherwise appealing to the familiar experience of spectators. However successful, however estimable and esteemed as citizen, husband, father, friend, and even golfer or tennis player, the popular artist may know himself to be, he knows that he writes at best a half-truth when he writes the word " artist " in the census. He believes, with the great majority of Englishmen, that genuine original artists exist—though he is usually no more capable than the layman of distinguishing the real ones from the impostors; and the thought of the presence of these creative artists is a perpetual irritation to him, a perpetual

reminder of his own inability to do the thing he claims to be doing when he describes himself as an artist. His only comfort is the reflection that any artist applauded as a real one may be in fact a fraud. If he is good-natured and prudent he makes no protest when work which he cannot understand is praised as original art. If he is rash or envenomed by his jealousy he shouts "incompetence" or "imposture." But there is no joy in his shouting; it is a cry of distress, a betrayal of psychic pain. The original artists on their side not unnaturally resent the shouting. And that air of tormented defiance is seen on the faces of both the attackers and the attacked.

To these conflicts between the several kinds of artists we must add other conflicts more completely within the artist's mind. Unless the creative artist has sufficient means to relieve him of all impulse to make money, which is rarely the case, he will have to choose at some time between serving a market with popular art to make money and financial distress, or at any rate inconvenience, while he serves his country and life itself by his creation. He may choose the first course at the very beginning and then his conscience will continually torment him. Or he may choose the second. Then, if he becomes an Academician (which is possible), he will have (unless or until he resigns) an enormous public and the comforting knowledge that his wife will have a pension when he dies. If he works as an unlicensed practitioner he may find with luck a few hundred people to believe in him and a dozen perhaps who will keep him afloat; alternatively or additionally, he may preserve his artistic independence —and a relatively serene expression—by the proceeds of teaching. But he may be unlucky, and then he may resort to all kinds of measures and devices to preserve his artistic honesty; he may even achieve original creation "at the cost of his friends and his tradesmen," i.e. he may create while owing a month's milk bill to the milkman and three or four fivers to his friends. But then his conscience will also torment him—by pointing, may

be, to his wife and children or to articles by Arnold Bennett. Thus tormented, he may lock creative effort in the cupboard and produce for a market the goods which the market is clearly prepared to buy. And when he does this, since at heart he is and always will be an original creative artist, he will seek peace by writing "I maintain that it is an essential part of the job of an artist to meet the demands of a market. I esteem more highly a man who is an honest citizen at the expense of art than a man who is an honest artist at the expense of citizenship." And having written it he will stalk with an air of tormented defiance to the Arts Club or the "Rose and Crown."

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Cloistered Peace *and violent life*

THE saint is Trollope; and the place of pilgrimage is Barchester—or so it would appear to us as we read the reviews of Ronald Knox's "Barchester Pilgrimage" (7s. 6d. net); for there is hardly one of them which does not echo the fervour of its author's piety. *Punch* exclaims that "'Barchester Pilgrimage,' with its greater literary grace, prettier wit and more radiant horizon, should hit the taste of our times as Trollope hit the taste of his." The *Church Times* calls it "a delight"; the *Times Literary Supplement* says of its last episode that "Trollope would have admired . . . and shuddered at the callousness of it"; the *Sunday Referee* concludes: "such is Barchester, and such is green and pleasant England." Its cloistered peace has a general appeal; and may lead many people to consider the question of cloisters—whose value for different characters is considered by Ida Coudenhove in her "Cloister and the World" (3s. 6d. net). Guardini, too, in his "Church and the Catholic" (5s. net), assesses the position of the individual in the corporate life of the Church; and his emphasis on that corporate life makes an interesting commentary on Nazi policy, coming, as it does, from Germany. It is, however, an entirely new world which Trevarthen reveals in "World D" (7s. 6d. net), one only made possible by the discovery of Psycho-physics. Now our list passes from cloistered peace to violent life, and Halliday Sutherland's "Laws of Life" (5s. net.) deals with those violent discussions of sex, birth, and population, as old as Adam, and as new as the latest novel; Ethel Cook Eliot's "Her Soul to Keep" (7s. 6d. net), where the oldest of attitudes to sex and birth scandalizes the "advanced women" who are really so very weak and so very frightened. It is this old strength which makes Claudel's work so vital and so satisfying. "Satin Slipper" and "Ways and Crossways" can now be had at 3s. 6d. net each, published from Sheed and Ward, 31, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

Monaco and England

By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O.

ONE comes to think differently of "*Monaco, un scoglio*" as one reads something of its history, under its great Grimaldi rulers; and the incongruity which so strikes the visitor between the time-worn aspect of the fortress and the showy modernity of Monte Carlo makes Monte Carlo, not the fortress, a misplacement.

But, for an Englishman, there emerges from any study of Monégasque history a more particular surprise, when he realizes how many of the exploits of the little State in history were performed at the expense of his own country.

Monaco (quite apart from any assistance which she could derive from the powerful parent-State of Genoa) had already won a name for naval prowess long before Raynier Grimaldi arrived, in 1304, with his long galleys, at the summons of Philip the Fair, to fight us in the Channel, and the reputation she had gained in high adventure had early led the Kings of France to hire her ships and men to further their warlike projects.

Raynier's expedition to the Channel resulted in a victory at the mouth of the Scheldt over the Flemings which cleared the way for depredations against English shipping in the estuaries of Thames and Medway that lasted many years; and when his son, Charles Grimaldi—Charles "the Great" of Monégasque history—was called upon, thirty years afterwards, to protect a flank of Philip VI's abortive expedition to Scotland, he did so by conducting a series of formidable raids upon such places as Portsmouth and Southampton.

His attack upon Southampton was particularly successful. In defiance of Drayton, the English admiral, 50 French galleys had penetrated up the Solent, and landed an armed force. The day was a Sunday, and the garrison, taken unawares, was being hard put to it to repel the Frenchmen, when the Monégasque fleet arrived, under Grimaldi and Anton Doria, and completed its discomfiture. Southampton was sacked, and it was not

until late the following evening that the militia, hastily summoned from Salisbury and Winchester, could reach the scene; by which time the raiders had disappeared.

In Froissart's *Chronicles* and other records of the period, we get glimpses of Grimaldi's doings. We hear of his ships, on one occasion, falling in with a fleet of four strange sail, which they stopped and questioned, and which turned out to be Scots (and therefore friendly) engaged in convoying David Bruce to Calais. In 1338 they were holding the Channel, and cutting off communication between Edward III, who was fighting in Flanders, and his English base. Had France but seized that opportunity she might have invaded England, and had matters—temporarily, at any rate—her own way.

Deprived, through the dilatory conduct of the French, of the chance of winning renown in such an enterprise, Grimaldi kept his hand in with lightning descents upon places so far apart as Bristol, Plymouth and Harwich. Shipping was destroyed at each of these three places, and a landing-party burned the last-named. A second attack upon Southampton was driven off, but the raiders fell upon and plundered Hastings, Margate, Folkestone and Dover, which had been left unguarded. A violent storm seems, a little later, to have saved the Yarmouth fishing-fleet, which Grimaldi particularly wanted to destroy as it supplied the English vessels with their best recruits, and he contented himself with removing arms and provisions from the ports of northern France, so as to deny them to our ships which (with the Dutch) were working up for the great fight at Sluys.

It was fortunate, no doubt, that before this *débâcle* of Sluys occurred he had sailed for the Mediterranean. He left behind him, Froissart tells us, only a small contingent, commanded by one Barbavera, of whom it is related that he warned the Frenchmen of the danger which was threatening them, but they would not heed him. He and his ships alone made good their escape from Sluys, and managed to rejoin at Monaco.

Once more, before the greatest of all adventures

which befell Charles Grimaldi in his encounters with the English, was he to come to the aid of France. This was in 1341, when he assisted at a couple of sieges in Brittany, having brought his fleet in the teeth of wintry weather through the Gibraltar straits, and next we hear of him engaged in a running fight off Guernsey with an English fleet of twice his size, laying his ships determinedly alongside his enemy, " so that," says Froissart, " there was sore shooting between them, and many hurt of both parties."

On board one of the English ships on this occasion was the valiant Countess de Montfort, who " that day was worth a man; she had the heart of a lion, and had in her hand a sharp glaive, wherewith she fought fiercely." She personally directed the repelling of Grimaldi's boarding-parties. A great storm of rain and thunder, Froissart tells us, darkened the sky, when after a night of " abiding in their harness," the combatants started to renew the fight next day. " A tempest so horrible arose as though all the world should have ended. None was so hardy but would gladly have been a-land. The ships dashed so together that they weened all would have riven in pieces." In the confusion the two fleets drifted apart, the English having lost four of their finest ships, while with the remainder they " took a little haven not far from the city of Vannes, whereof they were right glad."

Not long after this spirited engagement, however, the English captured some of Grimaldi's largest galleys, as he was proceeding homewards. He had, nevertheless, prevented a blockade of the Breton coast, which the English had been planning, and he returned to Monaco well satisfied.

Then, after a busy period in his own domains, came his most famous exploit.

Charles Grimaldi had been absent some three years from Northern waters when anxious overtures were once more made to him by France. This time he got together the considerable force of 33 ships and 7,000 fighting-men, Monégasques and Genoese, and set out again on that long voyage to the English Channel.

Grimaldi and Doria have been blamed by historians for wasting time at various places on this occasion; but however this may be they were quick enough off the mark when they reached their destination. Too late to effect a junction with the large French fleet then seeking to intercept the Expeditionary Force from England, they lost no time, once they had landed their men, in lining up at Crecy!

If artillery had not been at that time in its infancy—its employment in the field was an innovation introduced in the famous battle, and was confined, according to Froissart, to "throwing, with fire, little iron balls to frighten the horses"—Grimaldi's men might well be said to have marched to the sound of the guns. Without any rest after their arduous march to the battlefield, they were thrown forward across a stream as vanguard. Disastrously for them, the terrific storm which had broken over their march had ruined the adjustment of their crossbows, and as a consequence their bolts fell short, whereas the arrows of the English archers did all their wonted execution.

Froissart has left us this wonderful description (as translated by Lord Berners):—

> "When they drew near the Genoese bowmen made a great leap and cry to abash the English; but these stood still and stirred not for all that. And a second time they made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Again they leapt and cried, and went forward till they came within shot, when they shot fiercely with their crossbows. Then stept forward the English archers one pace; and their arrows flew so wholly and so thick that it seem snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows and ran back . . . Then the men-at-arms dashed in among them and killed a great number thereof. And still the English bowmen kept shooting wherever they saw the thickest press."

Charles Grimaldi, sorely wounded, was left for dead on the field.

The prince who succeeded Charles—Raynier II of Monaco—had already served with distinction in various

parts of France when, in 1355, we find him taking another expedition round to Normandy. For several years his ships took part in encounters with the English, and in one of these he fell in with the English admiral, Assheton, and took one of his ships, a vessel of 180 tons, which he sold as a prize in St. Malo. On a subsequent foray his own ship was driven ashore in the Isle of Wight, and there is an account of some English soldiers coming up and inquiring to whom it belonged. "To the King of France," replied Grimaldi. "Surrender it, then, to the King of France *and* England," commanded the soldiers, "for such is our King Edward!" "Edward?" queried Grimaldi: that is not the name of the King of France, but Charles,* and to Charles only shall I give it up!" The soldiers, thereupon, attacked the ship, but were beaten off, and with the tide Grimaldi sailed away.

For some time afterwards the audacity of the robber bands continued unabated, their vessels raiding up and down the Channel, waylaying merchantmen, and eluding or defeating such ships as could be sent against them. But, in the end, Grimaldi was made prisoner.

So highly did Edward III rate the capture that he paid, we are told, 12,000 golden marks to the person who had taken him, on condition that he yielded up his prisoner; but after the truce of 1375 he gave Grimaldi back his freedom, and the latter appears to have refrained from attacking English ports or shipping until after Edward's death, when he signalized Richard of Bordeaux's accession by burning the town of Lewes, pillaging Portsmouth, Dartmouth and Plymouth, and exacting from the Isle of Wight a heavy ransom. These depredations continued for many years, and included a particularly daring raid on Gravesend; but by the time another truce in the Hundred Years' War had been signed, in 1389, Raynier had returned to his dominions.

A quarter of a century then elapsed before another appeal for help from France reached Monaco, this time

* Charles V of France.

in the campaign which was to culminate at Agincourt. The help was at once forthcoming, under the leadership of the two Grimaldis, Nicholas and Janus, and the Genoese, Jean Spinola; but their expedition did not arrive in France until the great battle had been decided. They did stout work, however, after Agincourt, in intercepting English transports and food-ships. In one encounter Janus Grimaldi was killed, and in an attempt to set fire to some shipping in the Solent, and again in the mouth of the Seine, the Monégasques were worsted. Finally, in 1417, they and the French fleet which they were supporting were overwhelmed by the English off Harfleur—and we hear of them no more.

So ended the most startling period, lasting well over a century, of Monaco's contacts with England. When the French kings ceased to look to the Ligurian navies for assistance, other nations joined them to oppose us in the Narrow Seas; and when, 80 years after the last Grimaldi galley had departed through the Gibraltar straits, the *Royal Harry* laid the foundations of our sea supremacy, the memory of Grimaldis, Dorias and Spinolas, and of the redoubtable men who manned their fleets, had almost vanished.

Included in the Monaco archives is a letter from Oliver Cromwell to the Marshal d'Aumont (a connection of the Grimaldis) referring to a contingent of Ironsides which had been sent to help the French near Dunkirk. This letter recalls the next episode in Monégasque-English relations, after an interval of more than 200 years.

Among the schemes which occupied the attention of the exiled English court, before the Restoration, was one sponsored by the Duke of York (afterwards James II), which consisted in assembling at Monaco a fleet for invading England. It came to nothing because, although the French royal family (who had Monaco "in their pocket") felt plenty of sympathy for the Stuarts, the astute Mazarin persuaded his youthful sovereign, Louis XIV, that his better interests lay in keeping in

with Cromwell. To Honoré of Monaco, therefore, was given the delicate mission of cajoling the Duke of York, while denying him any real assistance; and in this he was perfectly successful.

After the Restoration, Louis I of Monaco (who was godson of the "Grand Monarque") reverted to his ancestors' policy of aiding France against us. He led, indeed, no contingent; but being young and spirited, and chafing at a life of idleness in Paris, he took service with the Dutch fleet (Holland being France's ally), and was present at the desperate four days' battle off the North Foreland.

It was a sufficient baptism of fire for any man—the Dutch under the great De Ruyter, the English under Albemarle and Rupert; and this time it was victory for the Dutch, while next year was to witness the humiliation, for England, of a Dutch fleet sailing up the Medway, battering down a Sheerness fort, smashing through the boom at Chatham, and burning the shipping which was found there—the guns being heard in the heart of London.

Louis of Monaco and his cousin, the Count de Guiche, distinguished themselves greatly in the battle. Here are some passages from the French ambassador's report to Paris of their conduct :—

> "M. le Prince de Monaco and M. le Compte de Guiche, being in the ship commanded by the 2nd to Admiral Ruyter, were the first to charge the enemy, and so prompt that they came to pistol shots. . . . At the moment when they thought they were about to capture the enemy's ship their own caught fire. They worked hard to extinguish the flames, but as these spread to the sails they undressed to jump into the sea before the magazine became ignited. At that moment a Dutch vessel fastened itself to the stem of their ship, and several of the crew were able to throw their weapons into it and scramble on board. It was commanded by Ruyter's brother, and on its way to assist another ship which was much damaged. They again fought, for three hours, on board this vessel, till at last it was disabled and they had to be rescued. Taken to Ruyter's ship, he received them with great joy and ordered clothes to be brought them. It was the last day of the battle, and the hardest. These gentlemen were always in the forefront of danger."

When next we hear of this same Louis of Monaco he is acting a rôle quite different. This was as Charles II's rival for the favours of Hortense Mancini, one of the reigning favourites, whom he followed to London on the pretext of a diplomatic mission. The honours, such as they were, seem to have rested, for a time, with Monaco; and when his purse was finally exhausted he returned to his principality. In his declining years he became noted for his piety, and drew up a moral code of singular stringency, to which he gave his name.

Save for some alarms during the War of the Spanish Succession, when fear of attack by British ships caused Monaco's defences to be strengthened, the destinies of the two countries do not again impinge until 1745, the year of Fontenoy. In that battle both Honoré III of Monaco and his brother fought with distinction against us under Marshal Saxe, the prince being severely wounded, at the head of his own regiment. He recovered in time to fight again at Laufeld, where he had a horse killed under him, and at Bergen-op-Zoom and Maestricht.

Twenty years now elapse, between the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and 1767, before we find the principality again concerned with England; but this time the tale is not of rivalry. In the summer of the last-named year another Duke of York (brother of George III) was making a voyage between Marseilles and Genoa, when he fell ill, and his ship, flying signals of distress, cast anchor in Monaco harbour. Honoré III was still ruling, though an old man. He hastened to do his utmost for his royal visitor, placing at his disposal a lofty apartment in the palace, which overlooked the sea, and which bears to this day the title of " York Chamber." But, in spite of all that could be done for him, having lingered for eleven days, the poor Duke died.

Even in those days the sentimentalists found it necessary to embroider on a simple enough tale. It was said that a beautiful young female had accompanied the Duke (one version, painfully discreet, had it that she followed him, at a distance, in a " pleasure yacht "), but

had not been admitted to the palace. Entering a cavern on Spelunca Point—it must have been near the spot where they now shoot pigeons—she stayed there dejectedly until the end, emerging only at evening to stand at gaze towards the palace. When, at length, she beheld the Royal Standard fluttering at half-mast, she cast herself upon the waters.

What is undoubted is that George III, touched by the kindness shown his brother in that distant place, wrote to Honoré to express his gratitude. He sent him as present the six fine horses which the brother had always ridden, and prayed him to visit England. The visit took place, and lasted for two months, Honoré being treated with great distinction, and taken on a round of inspection of Portsmouth, Woolwich and Greenwich Hospital, the last-named place impressing him tremendously.

For the penultimate episode in which the career of the little principality makes contact with things British we have to move on thirty years—to 1800. In the main the storms of the French Revolution, though they exiled the Grimaldis and sequestrated their possessions, had passed the people by. The last thing the Monégasques desired (the Grimaldis themselves, true to tradition, performed good service for Napoleon, at Austerlitz and Jena) was to be involved in the European turmoil.

On a May morning of 1800, however, a British frigate appeared before " the Rock," and landed an armed party, which seized the ammunition and destroyed the cannon which were kept there. It also compelled the townspeople to carry the casks of powder to the ship. By some mischance a quantity of the powder became ignited, and the flames reached the magazine. In the terrific explosion which ensued a lot of unfortunates were killed or wounded.

Another fifteen years brings us to the date of Napoleon's landing from Elba, in a near-by gulf, and the march on Paris. A body of British troops, under a Colonel Burke, was sent in haste from Nice to occupy the

fortress. This they did quickly and effectively, in spite of protests from the recently restored Grimaldis, who appealed both to Napoleon and the Bourbons, and to Italy. In the upheaval of the "Hundred Days" there was not the least chance of the appeal being listened to, and the British remained in occupation until the peace.

This was the last occasion on which the two "Powers" came in contact. After that the principality (which included, until recently, Rocquebrune and Mentone) was bandied about between France and Italy, and "the Rock" became merely the museum-piece it is to-day.

And, opposite, across the harbour, Spelunca burgeoned into Monte Carlo.

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The Dove in the Terebinth Tree

By Gertrude Bone

IT was the evening of Christmas. No flicker of light, no sigh of wind set beginning or end to the world. Instead of the stars, late in their rising, a motionless dark stretched overhead. Time itself seemed to be abolished in that unruffled silence. One needed light, it appeared, to believe in the hours.

The wood-carver moved from the shadow of his house as if to penetrate the soft void of silence; and, as he did so, laying a covering, as it were, over the earth, came the gentle apparition of the stars. The planets lingered; but as moments which chime one after the other, came the celestial breaking of lesser lights. A subtle glimmering, a bright mesh, the starlight ran and netted the sky, floating clear, shining of itself with a buoyant incandescence, radiant and infinitely frail and far away.

Earth and heaven were now visibly divided and set in their own places; and softly, within the spaces of a night with all its hours to fill, the planets appeared, flawless and shining. The firmament was that of the Creation, charted and pinned with gold, with musical Arabian echoes calling there like winds upon immeasurable waters.

All at once, not suddenly nor sharply, but, as it were a soft recollection of sound within the silence, there arose near at hand the singing of very little children, and the wood carver turning quietly, saw, floating as it were, within a still illumination beyond the shadow, the lighted faces of five living boys. Each held in one uplifted hand a translucent jar screening a burning candle which threw its quiet radiance upwards upon their innocent faces. For a moment or two the circle of shining faces hovered, a vision suspended in its own brightness. Then, quietly, seriously, the eyes of the children were raised to the wood-carver, and with a gentle, careful intentness, as of guileless souls faithfully bearing words beyond their understanding

and from a great distance, they sang gravely, and in a treble unison, sweetly, the completion of their carol.

> And there it did both stop and stay
> Right over the place where Jesus lay

The sense of tidings, weighty and joyful, brought through the dark, filled the silence. Then with a soft scuffling of feet upon the grass, the children had gone.

Enchanted by the sudden apparition and melody in the night, the wood-carver, still looking at the void left by the children, reflected that all the stars in the sky gave a fainter light than one candle in a given place.

But as if this night could now never be still, there was suddenly overturned into the air so refined by frost and starlight, an unearthly trembling of sweet sounds, a pell-mell hurry of joy, a scatter of bell notes overflowing and flooding the songless, frozen fields. The wood-carver listened to this nimble escape, this gay whirling of melody out of doors, the belfry all at once becoming in his thoughts like a treetop blown by the wind and showering light and sound.

Intent on the changing of the peal, he heard the dutiful silver voices wheeling back, the leap and plunge of the bells, obedient to the terms of this strange art of England, the "Ringing Isle." It was from the Englishman, he thought, not as one might imagine, from the Celt, that this nimble invention of change-ringing derived; the homelier English so often surprizing by breaking unexpectedly into poetic fancy, to joyful merriment of thought. From what knotted hands in the bell-chamber was scattered that flying shower of gaiety, alighting like blown seed out of doors. The wheel revolved; the bell crashed; "Treble's gone," said the first ringer and then there followed that measured adroit timing, the ringing game of hunting the Treble up and down the changes.

So much sound had entered the night that the air seemed still to be saturated with it, a musical emanation travelling on and on to encounter the stars. He looked overhead. Great lights had been marshalled while he

mused. Far on the Eastern horizon Drake's blazon lay on a blue night-shield, two pointers, pearl. Remote in immensity trembled the very ancient stars. Trivial as a glow-worm's green drop of light, Sirius shook in its antiquity and beyond were the stars of immeasurable age.

A little breathlessly the wood-carver arranged his thoughts. Far in the eternal loft, that tenuous green ray touched time and it shrivelled. When that stealing silver shadow left its fountain, the artists of Constantine were building Byzantium. Now, while children sang carols of Christmas, and on the very night on which he had won his great commission, it dropped at his feet in England. He at one end and the artists of Constantine at the other, linked by the ray of a star.

The night was alive with wings. How right it seemed, this long vibration through the Northern twilight, like the thrilling of the Winter sky before the Aurora. Singing from the dark and shining; glimmer of wings and stars; voices of children and wheeling of bells; the gloomy fir tree budding lights for Christmas; rippling, luring, mirthful, for centuries the Christian tidings had come Northward on the path of a star. The homeless Word had been cradled in the lullabies of children, age after age, singing carols in the soaring voices of the North.

An ecstasy of quiet fell upon him, as if the night with its soft meteors had some significance were he but aware. Its bright vacancy became a brimming flood upon which he floated, while from within the transparent ether, like medusæ rising, fading, borne away, memories rose and sank.

The fancy of children singing in a nest of light pleased him. He would make the choir he had been given to carve as a memorial to his old master the organist (dying famous in a foreign land); first of all a rich case for the lovely instrument of childrens' voices, living pipes, melodious and flexible, trilling with the detached gaiety of bells.

Warm, heartening as in life, the figure of the organist

was beside him, his old learning singing and resounding in the organ-loft like a bee in the calyx of a flower. Stimulous, vision and experience rather than friend at first. Then, because the quiet boy with delicate hands (apprentice gem-cutter then in his native town) would listen, and the Celt must of his nature be bestowing, voluble and happy, the organist lilted out his talk like a song, a cadence the boy could catch even if he stumbled at the difficult keyboard.

The warm organ-loft with its levers, its oblique glancing to the angel-roof and its glimpse of the one trefoil of ancient glass in the church closed him in. The organist entered gaily, shedding some sparkle of happiness and animation for the boy. Perhaps for the first time the sight of an artist at work, some glimpse of what this whole-hearted vocation might mean, had come to him in this room; the reality of a man at work upon the work of his choice; coming to meet it as a lover; shedding pre-occupations and opening his heart, taking, too, as his right, everything that served him to perfect his striving.

The organ-loft would be as he had left it as a boy. Wide gold sunlight would fill the empty church, a flood of quiet glory mounting to the congregation of angels who had upheld the roof of praise for three centuries. Still there, unchanged, soaring outwards yet of the very structure of the beams, he could see the seven ranks of angels assembling like birds when the night approaches. The roof was alive with praise. They wondered who had first thought of this fashion of angel-roofs where angels leaned along, or, as birds hovering, rested on their wings. Later, he watched the birds alighting with just such gestures in the angles of great boughs.

The organist had leaned beside him, naming the angels to his wayward fancy. Highest in majesty were the two grave Seraphim above the altar, " Seiriol and Cybi," said the organist, telling with delight the tale of the two brethren of the Welsh valley who travelled daily from their cells upon opposite hills to meet mid-way and dis-

course of holy things. And because in the evening men saw them walking always the same way—Seiriol towards the sun and Cybi facing the shadow—they named them so—Seiriol, the golden one, and Cybi the tawny, throughout the Cambrian valleys. The two angels would be leaning downwards as they used to do; Seiriol in heavenly gold; Cybi in the solemn shadow of the beam.

Here they had pondered, whimsically, Master John the King's Image-Maker; angel-master, as it were, marshalling attributes, ranking angels in degree, deliberating their cost by weight and elaboration of carving, scrutinizing wood with an eye to the angel enclosed, wings folded or spread, kneeling or soaring.

To every artist the limitations of his convention. Master John's angels were strict as dogma. They must be young to show continued strength; winged, as messengers of speed, barefoot and girt for readiness, robed in white for purity, or cloth of gold for glory. Trumpets they carried for the voice of God, flaming swords for His wrath; censers for the prayers of saints and musical instruments for felicity.

From below in the church they looked up to the ranks of angels praising with musical instruments, "Rebeck, Regal, Minnim," deciphered the organist approving the dim gold and colour still enriching the majesties and powers.

Like a sail full of wind he bore the boy along, and now that he had reached within measurable distance of his master (adult now as never before, in his estimation of him), he cared the more to remember his child's adoration for the master who seemed to know everything.

A little archaic and stiff and full of a venerable simplicity, he became acquainted with the Three Blessed Singers of the Isle of Britain. Embarking when they heard the cuckoo, following the swan's path southward, they became pilgrims across level seas, journeying to sing in the Northern manner before the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Strange foreign figures from the "Sea-girt green place,"

the " Honey Isle," standing in the heavy sunlight of the East, their music, their sky-blue robes bringing the breath of seas and streams into waterless places. Singing, they brought back wonders, for Dewi had a " wonderful altar of unknown materials "; Teilo " a curious bell which rang every hour without being touched "; and Padarn had " a pastoral staff and choral cap of the richest silk." The lilting intonation of the Celt hummed the triads—

" Did you hear what Dewi sang,
A grave man of extensive abilities?
The best habit is rectitude! "
" Did you hear what Padarn sang,
Who was an orthodox and powerful preacher ?
'What a man does, God will judge.' "
" Did you hear what Teilo sang,
A man who performed penance ?
'It is not well to contend with God.' "

On this night of stars and singing and pealing bells, his future lay in his hands like a gift. Inviting as dreams, figures floated on the dark. Suddenly, he saw them (leaning intently to the communications of the night) taking outline and definition with an imaginative orderliness. In the quiet succession of memories, side by side, he saw the panels of his choir, the development of praise in England.

Eddi came, " sent for to teach singing in the North by the most Reverend Wilfred."

Anselm disguised as a ministrel sang upon the bridge.

The Three Blessed Singers of the Isle of Britain came.

And to-night there were children in a bower of light and a group of ringers in an English tower.

The night had been beautiful and now the sun rose with all heaven to itself; not the airiest cloud in its orbit of white-edged radiance. The singing of the birds, delicate as the wisps of frost on the blades of grass, was a brittle thread of sound, breaking almost as soon as begun. Everything in the morning was evanescent, silvery, shadowy; a shimmer of gilt-edged frost. Like a lingering

moonlight, the rime shone below the wall and lay at the foot of the trees, a wraith, an emanation, a silver dew. The wood-carver went out into the morning, the white atmosphere tense with winter sunlight, a still crystal lit with gold and fragile song, as if a bell of glass were ringing with phantom tintinnabulations.

The colour and grace and shape of the living trees absorbed him. The lavender and lime grey of the ailanthus tree; the plane-tree with dangling knops as if tricked upon a finger; the thorn-tree gemmed with cherry-coloured haws; the silver-pink of the birch-tree with its black stains; the coral berries hidden in the blue-green shadow of the yew. He felt something of the force which often seemed to survive in the dried and seasoned wood, opposing decisions of its own to the carver. The pine-tree, emblem of death, never sprouted again if cut down. The seed of the alder, floating on the lapping edge of water, might linger for a year before it found its germinating ooze. Looking at the living pillars, he could feel the force which reared them upright, and the sap which had coloured their substance. The wood of the yew red-stained, seemed almost of flesh; the cherry of pallid amber, the laburnam of green shell and the holly of ivory.

He selected them idly to their uses. Rose, holly and tulip-wood were in small quantities. So were goat-willow and quince and box. Lilac, gean and birch were for the contriver of elegancies of inlays and tesseræ. The eighteenth century, with its liking for the curious and its imported and foreign woods, was the hey-day of this fashion of contrivances, certain notable people having then a great voice in the shaping of taste—Mr. Povey's ingenuity setting an elegant mode indoors. But pattern and oystering and veneers attempted the work of the painter rather than that of the carver. Wood, he remembered, was then actually darkened by burning in hot sand.

The sunlight came coldly to the winter trees but with a vivid illumination. He had left the glitter and hardness

of his precious stones (gem-cutter turned wood-carver) to make acquaintance with the ductile, dull-surfaced timber, with no light imprisoned in itself to be set free as in the stones. He must learn another formula. "After all," his master had said, "what you have to do is to play with the lamps of heaven, to manipulate the light of day!"

He watched the wandering light raising and depressing surfaces as with fingers. This was his business, then, to raise and depress surfaces of wood, that the whole work might keep a constant pattern of illuminated masses, to turn and uncover the planes of his panel so that the light might seem to manipulate it. But the sunlight had a million indiscriminating triumphs. For *him*; for *his* formula, one leaf must represent a thousand, one star, the universe of light. How like some patient and burrowing insect he became; so tiny his tools, so inch-wide his horizon, compared with the bravura and excess out of doors. There, indeed! What a marshalling of forces to deposit a sapphire, to burst a grain of wheat, to create for a second of time the landscape of poetry!

His old affection warmed his heart. What a curious magpie's nest the organ-loft became, with its treasures dropt here and there, rifled from strange nests; all lying happily side by side, their very irrelevance producing a rich and telling medley.

On the day they had looked up at the angel-roof together, spelling out the instruments of archaic music, they had begun to search the old Psalm-book, tracing out the antique musical rubric by the stars in the marginal note. How they had spent evenings piecing together the soft oriental plurals, fragments from here and from there falling into quiet coherence. "Leannoth," set for singing; "Neginoth," with music of stringed instruments; "Nehiloth," for wind-music; "Gittith," for the harp; "Alamoth," for the voices of maidens. The organ-loft hummed to the rapturous intonations of Wales. Now they found that the chanted strophes had different structures. "Selah," strike up! Always in a psalm for

the chief musician, detected the boy. "A difficult piece," judged the organist. Was it an interlude for instrumental playing, or a doxology interposed for massed voices. "Now lost" said the commentator! Melodies also, like words and feathers, fly on the breeze. Here were desert flutes wandering amid the ceremonial like passing sweetness about an ancient wall. Shepherds coming up to Jerusalem upon a holy day with valley pipes and airs, freed them as wild birds about the city where they clung, nesting in the Temple cornice, cooing among the harps and cymbals.

"Set to 'The hind of the morning!'" What galloping call of huntsmen, or what thrusting of sun-rays in a splendid dawn, gave fervour to praise. "For the vine-presses"; "Set to 'Lilies'." It seemed that melodies of the people edged their way like children into the solemnities, sounding with familiar affection in the holy courts.

The ash-brown of the robin's folded wing gleamed suddenly. He was glad that gilding and colour were allowed him at discretion. It would not be the painter's colour, but the herald's, very pure in substance, very definite in hue, wood wearing a blazon.

He heard the thrush snatch a bright song from the winter sun and an issuing of bird-voices follow, hilarious and rapid, as if some shining wire had vibrated. How much in excess the twittering undertone to the prolonged over-calling of thrushes and piping of blackbirds. The elaboration of breathing air into a harmony was of human invention. "A choir must express the uprushing of many souls," said the organist. "When noble feeling dies out there will be no more singing in chorus."

The gray willow took the place of the olive-tree in the English landscape, its shadowing silver disclosing the wayside brooks, its dignity a docile brightness, its shade like a light summer cloud flickering on a sunny ground. Raising itself by a few fibres from the soil, a gloaming grey followed it in the valley. A grey dove flew, ruffling its

green secret. And now, like the caressing of the dove's voice, candid and mournful, he heard a faded melody, played once and to him alone, "The dove in the terebinth tree," a meditative air passing like a dove's wing in sunlight. For this was the song they had disputed most. "Set to 'The Dove in the terebinth tree.'" Did some garden breathe fragrance? What lover waited? "Behold thou art fair, my love; thou hast the eyes of doves." Was it a melody from the groves of Astarte and her doves? The organist would have none of these. "A musing regret with a gay refrain! That is what the piece suggests to me. We will bedew it with imagination and this faded flower shall live."

They had searched for the terebinth tree, finding it in the evergreen oak, the ilex planted for its shadow in the heat; unrustling, dark and very old, spreading shade heavy and cool as the yew.

The evergreen oak in the college garden spread its shadow like a carpet. The crown of its leafage was tented like a roof, and spacious. The glitter of drenching sunlight absorbed it, smoothing it with silver, yet taking nothing from its gravity. Slowly its wide green roof was changed by the steady sunshine into something spectral and silver, a moon-ridden tree haunting the daytime, a tree of night rippling with moon-rays. Only when the sun shrank in the evenings did its green return, dusky olive subtly coloured with silver above black branches. The organist would take the boy home past the ilex tree, withdrawn into musing while his pupil ministered to him by his silences. Then, one sudden day, an evening of streaming light, they had come through the town blindly, the boy caught up as usual in the master's exaltations. He remembered the singing Welsh afflatus which bore them through the medieval streets as over sun-gashed stony Lebanon. He believed everything. Knew everything. This was divine gift. No lighter thing. Something complete as a song had remained, joyful as the composition they went on to the organ-loft to try—for the

first time, almost the last. The little piece, a gay trilling air breaking the spaces of a grave adagio had engrossed the organist for a while and then been lost. No one other than himself had ever heard it he surmised. Yet once, a long while afterwards, he had heard a composition of the master's played, and fancied that he caught an echo, a phrase, falling into the forgotten cadence. The crooning of a dove in sunlight, a fluting call running on a warm silver wind; a breath of fragrance in heat; a nightingale-air in the sunlight. With a Celtic eloquence he persuaded himself in the boy. He called it a song begotten of solitude and clear airs, a shepherd's song may be. "It is not for nothing that it is set to a psalm of David, a psalm, resigned, noble, and a little sad, with a passionate praising breaking in."

"Do you not see David, the little lad piping the lambs from the sheep fold. The old men have sent him to a green valley, as in Wales, where there is a trickle of water. There he will be alone all day and happy. He will play with the grasshopper on a blade of grass and set a snare for the lizards. He will build a little well in the trickle of water for the lambs to drink. Beside the lambs he will have his flute, his true-love, music, to whom he returned all his life long."

Do you not see the stones of the valley delicate with blossoming crocus? The scent of the vines is awake, a languid honey-fragrance stirring in the hot vineyards. All the world is lifted up into light and blinded. When the lambs stir they look like stones trickling among a desert of boulders. The sunlight is the boy's harp and the valley his organ. The lambs lie down in the shadow of a great rock and seem to sink into the earth. Now do you hear an eerie and broken piping, flickering like a stray fledgling in the light, a desert pipe thin as a quail's cry among the stones. Do you not see where David lies like a lizard in a warm crevice talking with all his heart to his companion, his flute. He is a boy, not old enough to love—for love he has wonder; for rapture, delight. He is

aware from his crevice of any living thing in the desert. He sees a vulture soar and disappear and now a dove claps her way heavily to the terebinth tree, beating her way to its heart. The dark refuge covers it and soon a loving wind stirs the shadow where the dove prophesies beneath the green awning with a little catch of sadness. David is stopping his music when he hears the dove. Now he is laughing. He is a child. He is calling to the dove with his flute and her patient cooing replies. The two innocent voices twine in the air a harmony of pure delight, the gay enticing of the sunlight, the meditative mourning of the shadow. He will go down day after day now to play with the hidden voice and the lambs will lie down in the shadow. He does not desire the dove. He is neither fowler nor lover. He is a boy musician and his delight is a melody on " the wind."

" I love a princess, far away," hummed the organist mounting the stairs to the organ.

Happy the boyhood which ends on remembered music. On this melody his youth had closed, as the lid of the organ for ever, on that shining evening. At one moment had come, to him, the chance of his training, and to the organist, distinction and honour far away. At times news flashed as if from another planet, of increasing fame. But death had divided no further than that parting. No slow decay, no gnarling of growth had marred that happy flowering. The petals had fallen on a day, but the rose had been beautiful.

To honour a man famous before the world his panels should set forth the story of English singing. But for himself, for the fragrance of a boy's adoration undimmed, for a friendship vivid and warm with unusual excitements, this fantasy, this love of long ago, this melody caught on the wind. The Dove in the Terebinth Tree.

To the dreamer, his tools! Fantasy fell as an emptying sail when the boat touches shore. How strange this alembic of the mind through which every art-idea passed as through death, arising thence with other semblance into

its immortality. To make actual a dream, one accepted materials and undertook their limitations. "The grain of the wood sets bounds to the possibilities of technique, having laws of its own."

"There is no distance available in the carver's art." Such cautionary words from school-days were swept back by the liberation at last.

"Design is only copying what has amused oneself with personal variations."

"Copying what has amused oneself?" Seriol and Cybi should stoop, their majesty become a kind of feathering tenderness about the heads of singing children; English children in canopies of English flowers, garlanded like a May Day. Their voices should pipe like birds in the arcaded hedgerow. The division of each stall should be a hawthorn bough, with foliage and rosettes beloved of carvers; white thorn in its flowering, not yet plaited to the grievous use of a crown; such a hedgerow as little children explore, rifling it with cold pink fingers. Goat-willow, briar and hawthorn, hazel, gean and sloe; foxglove, rose-campion, celandine, a robin's nest, a wren, a vole, a goldfinch.

On each armrest should be carved the flowers which little children gather in English meadows, cowslips and king-cups, buttercups and marigolds. An upright teasel, too, for design, and fool's parsley.

Something a little homely should cover the children's heads—not Gothic or angular, but arched and rounded as nests are rounded or shells arched and each lining should be the hooding of golden wings—each crowning boss an angelic head.

The Pre-Raphaelite angels had never seen heaven, so joyless were they, so drooping; people not at home on earth and wandering a little spectre-like looking for a country. The cherub was a decadence, alternately Puckish and infantile and the eighteenth-century angels were ruffed and rosy with varnish. Your true angel was confident, singing, swift.

Alongside his carving went the preoccupation with the shape of foliage.

Colour now seemed to him the desire to retain light in the wood itself.

Oak, native and durable, he found too coarse in grain. English walnut or the sycamore from Welsh hills should be his choice.

So, by a series of choices and rejections he would carve his great memorial, doing his work as all work in the world ever has been done or all living art achieved.

They chose, for the unveiling of the Memorial, the music of that good Christian, John Sebastian Bach, passionless and triumphant, with no human hurt or pain or crying. A surging of Victors, jubilant and crowned. The soul of music set free and travelling to the stars! Only once did the rushing of harmonies, which extolled the dead organist, pause and in the interlude a boy's voice sang, solitary, unearthly, crying alone in a vast congregation, a melody judged fitting for a Memorial Service,

> "O, for the wings, for the wings of a dove
> Far away, far away would I rove.
> In the wilderness build me, build me a nest
> And remain there for ever at rest."

The Young Chinese Discovers China

By Pearl S. Buck

ONE of the most important movements in China to-day is the discovery of their own country by young Chinese intellectuals. A generation ago the most progressive of their fathers were beginning to feel a stirring discontent with their own country. They were conscious, indeed the consciousness was forced upon them, that China as she had been in the past was not able to meet the dangerous and aggressive modernity of the west. I do not mean the political modernity so much as the march of economic, educational and scientific events which may or may not result in political and military events. These Chinese fathers, fathers of the present generation in China, were the real revolutionists. They forced out of existence the old dynastic system, they changed with an incredible speed the system of education, with indefatigable zeal they planned and set up a scheme of modern government. No ancient government under an emperor ever accomplished with more imperial speed such tremendous changes in so great a country.

In this atmosphere of change, of idealism, of things modern and therefore western and foreign, the present youth of China has grown up. Where the fathers imbibed the doctrines of Confucius and learned the classics and revolted against them, these young people have been battered by many forces of the new times. They have been taught something of science, something of Christianity, something of atheism, something of free love, something of communism, something of western philosophy, something of modern militarism, something, in fact, of everything. In the sturdy medievalism of the masses of their countrymen the young intellectuals have been taught the most extreme of every culture. Intellectually they have been forced to the same great omissions that China has made physically. They have

skipped, figuratively speaking, from the period of the unimproved country road to the airplane era. The omission was too great. The mind could not compensate for it. The spirit was lost in the conflict.

The first result, therefore, of the hiatus was undoubtedly to produce a class of young Chinese, both men and women, but chiefly men, who frankly did not know how to live in their own country or in the age in which their country still was. They were for the most part educated abroad, where they forgot the realities of their own race. It was easy enough for various revolutionary leaders to persuade these alienated minds that China's so-called backwardness was due primarily to political and material interference by foreign powers. The world was made the scapegoat for China's medievalism. Instead of realizing that China was in her own way making her own steps, slowly, it is true, and somewhat ponderously, toward modernity, it was easy hue and cry to say that if it had not been for foreigners she would have been already on an equality, in material terms, with other nations.

The result of this was a fresh revolution of a sort. China practically rid herself of her two great grievances outside of Japan, extraterritoriality and the tariff. No visible change appeared as a consequence. It became apparent that what had been weaknesses were still weaknesses, and that these were inherent in the ideology of the people. It was found, for instance, that when a revolutionary leader became secure and entrenched he became conservative and corrupt, too often, as an old-style official. The same has been true in other histories. There were too many honest and intelligent young minds in China not to observe and accept the truth, that the outside world had very little to do with China's condition, and what she had to do with it could have been prevented if China had been earlier less sluggish and her leaders less blind and selfish.

Then followed a period of despair and frenzy and

increased idealism of the west. The evident prosperity of foreign countries was felt to be a direct fruit of western scientific development. It was a time when the inferiority complex was rampant in China, and the young patriot was divided between mortification at what his country was and desire to conceal it from foreigners. There was no truth to be found in them, so far as their own country was concerned. They at once hated and admired the foreigners.

What would have happened if the west had continued prosperous and at peace cannot be said. It is enough that the west did not so continue. The Chinese has viewed with interest and considerable satisfaction the great depression, the breakdown of prosperity, and the failure of scientific men to prevent depression. They have begun to say to themselves that after all China is not so bad. Evidently there is hunger everywhere, there are bandits everywhere, and one people is not better than another, and if this is so, then perhaps China was right in olden times, and perhaps it is just as well to go back and see what the old Chinese philosophy was. At least it taught people to live with contentment and some enjoyment of small things if they had not the great ones, and it regulated life and provided a certain amount of security and safety. The recent interest in China on the part of the west, the wistfulness of certain western persons who envy the simplicity of China's primitive life and admire her arts and philosophy have also helped to inspire the young Chinese with some confidence in himself.

The result to-day is simply a reiteration of the old Biblical adage that the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. Young China, being wearied of the revolutionary ardours of its fathers, is going back to old China. It is almost amusing to see the self-conscious determination to be really Chinese, to eat Chinese food, to live in Chinese ways, to dress in Chinese clothes. It is as much of a fad and a pose to be entirely Chinese these days among certain young wester-

nized Chinese in China as it was for their fathers to wear foreign clothes and eat with knives and forks and want to go to Harvard. These present young people have worn foreign clothes all their lives and eaten foreign food and they did go to Harvard, and they know English literature infinitely better than their own, and now they are sick of it all and want to go back to their grandfathers.

The trend is apparent everywhere, and not only in the externals of dress and customs. Far more importantly is it to be seen in art and literature. The subjects of modern Chinese novels of a few years ago, for instance, dealt chiefly with modern love situations, with semi-foreign liaisons, with rebellions against home and parents, and the whole tone was somewhat sickly and certainly totally unrooted in the country. There is still more than enough of this in both art and literature, but health is beginning to creep in, the health of life from plain people living plain and sturdy lives. The young intellectuals are beginning to discover their own masses. They are beginning to find that life in the countryside, in small towns and villages is the real and native life of China, fortunately still fairly untouched with the mixed modernism which has made their own lives unhealthy. They are beginning to feel themselves happy that there is this great solid foundation in their nation, and to turn to it eagerly for fresh inspiration. It is new to them, it is delightful, it is humorous, it is worth having, above all, it is purely Chinese.

They have been helped to this new viewpoint, too. They would not, I think, have achieved it so well alone, and it is the west which has helped them. We of the west have helped them not only negatively, by exhibiting a certain sort of breakdown in our own civilization, but we have helped them positively, by our own trend toward elemental life. The western interest in all proletarian movements has set young China to thinking about her own proletariat, and to discover the extraordinary quality of her own country people, maintaining their own life

pure and incredibly undisturbed by the world's confusion. It is natural that this tranquillity should greatly appeal to them in their own confusion and sense of being lost in the twisted times.

Communism, too, has greatly helped them. Communism has brought about class consciousness, it has made the common man articulate and demanding, and since modern education in China has been available to the children of common people, they have early been given a sort of voice, at least, wherewith to speak for themselves, however inadequately. In the art and literature of the young Leftists in China there is a rapidly spreading perception of the value of the common man and woman of the country. The expression is still crude and too influenced by foreign art, but the notion is there. One sees a peasant woman upon a canvas instead of a bird upon a bamboo twig, and the thick straining figures of men pushing wheelbarrows instead of goldfish swimming in a lotus pool. This is all very hopeful.

Yes, Young China now is upon the right road. To delve into the vital treasures of their own immeasurable past with brains sharpened by modern perceptions is to have an extraordinary opportunity these days. Young China is lucky !

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Christmas Carol

By Afzul Khan

DECEMBER brings chilly nights in northern India, and the fire in the ramshackle hearth was welcome as it smoked. For this night the bungalow was pathetically gay : some muddy sprigs of holly from Simla drooped from the frames of the half-dozen stickily tasteful engravings, a bunch of mistletoe hung from the arch leading into the dining-room, four garish streamers radiated from the electric light.

There they sat, the six of them, keeping Christmas Eve. They wore paper hats : men and women alike were flushed and silent, a little muddled with alcohol, wondering vaguely what to do next.

" Come on," said Mrs. Jevons determinedly, " let's play one of those games. Richard ! " Her husband obediently collected paper and pencils.

" Oh, God," said Ransom, " must I rack my brains. Word in four letters beginning with R or something." He blew a cloud of cigar smoke ; his neck, red and wattled bulged over his collar. The whites of his eyes were bloodshot.

" Well, why not," said Hendricks, crossing his lean legs, " as Voltaire says ——."

" Oh, shut up," said Sylvia, " you're always talking out of your damned books." She sat on the Club fender, slim and haggard, her gold hair tawdry against the brown of her face floured with powder.

" Silly little bitch," thought Hendricks, " silly little bitch. Yet she must have been a charming girl to look at once." His mind trailed away into confused pictures : alcohol had blurred clarity of thought and vision. Suddenly he felt cold, bored, unhappy.

" Bridge," said Jevons tentatively.

" We have enough of that in the Club," said Mrs. Jevons, " let's have a drink." She called. A servant brought whiskey and soda.

In silence they drank. More drinks appeared, and they drank again.

"Get the party spirit."

"Let's dance."

"Turn on the gramophone, Michael."

"I'll play the piano."

"No, you can't. Make us a woman short."

They danced, primly at first, then more and more unsteadily. A silent servant brought fresh glasses. Sylvia and Jevons lurched against a gimcrack table, and it fell with a crash of glass. Whiskey ran over the carpet, adding its acrid smell to the smell of dead tobacco. They laughed and talked all at once: no one ever finished a sentence.

"Hell of a good party," said Ransom, "reminds me of one I had at Folkestone on my last leave. That was a binge . . ." He trailed off into incoherencies: no one listened to him.

Midnight struck.

"Listen," said Mrs. Jevons, "Christmas. Wonder what they're doing at home." Her face was very white, her eyes very bright.

"Good God," thought Hendricks, "she's shot away completely. Hope she's not going to be sick."

He felt queasy himself, in turns ice-cold and hot. He drank a glass of beer to steady himself; he lit a cigarette.

"Carols," said someone.

"Good idea," shouted Jevons, "carols, all sing . . ."

"Hark the Herald," roared Ransom.

"Don't be a fool," they shrieked, "that's not a carol."

"Well, what is, then?"

They struck up "The First Noel," and then "Good King Wencelas." In time, out of tune, in six different keys they sang.

More drinks appeared.

"Happy Christmas, Happy Christmas."

Ransom kissed Mary Jevons. Sylvia flung her arms round Hendricks' neck. She smelt of whiskey. They kissed.

They they formed a circle and sang "Auld Lang Syne," swaying together, faster and faster. Again and again they sang it, until lack of breath forced them to stop. They panted and looked at one another.

"Hunt the slipper," suggested Hendricks.

And so on the stained and littered floor they romped. Christmas had come in.

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Sestina "Manibus e dat Lilia Plenis"

By "X"

LET us come near, our hands laden with lilies,
For these befit one versed in mystic lore;
Come, nor omit to bring a wreath of laurel,
For this is meet to crown a poet's head;
Come with all love and reverence to honour
One wholly true to life's high loyalties.

How could he fall from any loyalties
Whose soul was white and fragrant as the lilies?
How could we fail in any debt of honour
Unto a mind so rich in varied lore;
Watered, renewed from Wisdom's fountain-head,
Perennially green as is the laurel?

Symbol of victory has been the laurel
Through countless years, for steadfast loyalties
For many a hero's, many a poet's head.
Symbol of loveliness have been the lilies,
Setting a seal of beauty on the lore
Of holiness, that beauty has in honour.

Poet nor hero reaps the highest honour,
Not theirs the victory best crowned with laurel,
Though rich indeed our gain from poets' lore,
Though heroes raise the flag of loyalties:
'Tis saints who walk in white among the lilies
Which serve to wreathe the humblest, highest head.

"MANIBUS E DAT LILIA PLENIS"

Humility is of all virtues head,
And truth and justice are twin-sons of honour,
While love and purity are very lilies;
And selflessness from self bears off the laurel,
And noble judgments foster loyalties,
And visions from the heights unveil their lore.

The golden voice that taught profoundest lore,
The weight of intellect on brow and head,
The eyes that were the home of loyalties!
Scholar and Master, held in endless honour,
Receive from Dante's hand a crown of laurel,
And take from Beatrice a gift of lilies.

Learn we the lore that lives among the lilies,
While heart and head, with mingled loyalties,
Unite to honour him who wears the laurel.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE one bright spot on the international horizon during the past few weeks has been Greece. Eleven years ago M. Venizelos and his friends succeeded in intimidating a majority of their fellow-countrymen into overthrowing the monarchy, and since then the unhappy Greeks have experienced every kind of government from the extremes of tyranny to those of anarchy, with not infrequent intervals of civil war. Now they have turned again to the régime which alone combines liberty, continuity, and stability, and have recalled King George II to the throne. After seeing the national resources wasted for more than a decade by the strife of rival political factions, the Greek people have decided that they must have as Head of the State one who stands above the parties, and who represents the interest of the nation as a whole.

In these circumstances the Greek Restoration has far more than a local importance. The last two decades have seen first, uncontrolled democracy, and then uncontrolled dictatorship, acclaimed as the panacea of the world's ills, but to-day neither evokes the enthusiasm of yore. The progress of events at Athens would seem to show that the reign of the demagogue and the autocrat is nearing its end, and that hereditary kingship is coming into its own. Restorations are sufficiently rare for the latest of them to be significant, for there are many people who declare there would never be another. It will not be surprising if Greece finds more than one imitator before long, and Portugal is being mentioned in this connection.

The Future of Greece

THE restored monarchy has a difficult task before it, not least because of the differences between General Condylis, the Monk of the Restoration, and M. Tsaldaris,

the leader of the majority in the Assembly. In view of this the statesmanship of the King in insisting upon the plebiscite is at once apparent, for it proved to the politicians that the monarchy has a popular backing to which few of them could aspire. The actual figures may appear astonishing to the ordinary Englishman, but, as that distinguished Whig, Professor Trevelyan, observed of the plebiscite in the Two Sicilies, if it " exaggerated, it did not belie, the opinion of the people." As for the Venizelists, they must either accept the *fait accompli* or disappear from the political arena.

Princes who have lived for some years in exile generally make excellent Kings, as the cases of Charles II and Louis XVIII show, and King George II is not likely to prove an exception. He has made very good use of his years of enforced absence from his country, and has aquired an amount of practical experience both of men and of affairs which is rare in any walk of life. If, as may well be, Greece is on the eve of a *renaissance*, there is no one more fitted than her King to lead her. At least he can be assured of the sympathy and support of this country, which sees in his return the forging of a fresh link in the chain of friendship between Greece and Great Britain. Sir Samuel Hoare's presence at Victoria when His Majesty left for Athens was welcome evidence of the British Government's support of the restored monarchy.

The General Outlook

ELSEWHERE the prospect is gloomy in the extreme. The imposition of financial and economic Sanctions against Italy must at least retard that revival of international trade which the experts never tire of assuring us is the pre-requisite of our own prosperity, and it may well have even more disastrous consequences. The League of Nations has failed to prevent war, to stop war, or to execute justice, and is apparently endeavouring to preserve appearances by starving the Italian people. Mr. Eden has succeeded in making Great Britain as

unpopular on the Continent as she was during the South African War, and with far more cause. As if this were not enough, party strife in France has reached such proportions as to render an early civil war by no means improbable. Herr Hitler has only to bide his time, and he will have the game in his hands.

The tragedy is that this highly dangerous state of affairs is quite unnecessary. It is the result of the refusal of the Powers to recognize a difficulty until it became critical, and of the continuous attempt by nearly every government (not least our own) to utilize the international situation for the purpose of domestic politics. Happily there are some signs of a change of heart, and although the old catchwords of " collective security " are still being bandied about, there are indications that those who use them have now little belief in their efficacy.

British Unpopularity

THOSE who take their opinions from the Government Press as to British prestige abroad would be surprised were they to cross the Channel. It is true that the Powers have voted the imposition of Sanctions at the behest of Whitehall, but, in the vast majority of cases, only under compulsion, and their feelings towards Mr. Eden are on a par with those of the slave towards the overseer under whose lash he is toiling. Public opinion on the Continent, save among professed anti-Fascists, is as strong as, and much more outspoken than, the official.

The reasons advanced by British statesmen for their action provoke a sneer or a laugh, and the general attitude is that the Empire upon which the sun never sets grudges Italy a few miserable Abyssinian provinces. If one alludes in reply to the Covenant of the League, it is to be asked why we did not advocate Sanctions in the case of Japan and of the war in the Chaco. If one makes the point about the sanctity of treaties, it provokes the comment that we did not hesitate, when it suited our purpose, to violate the Treaty of Versailles by concluding a naval agreement

with Germany. Rightly or wrongly, the ordinary foreigner is convinced that the British Government precipitated the present crisis, and brought Europe to the verge of war, solely for the purpose of taking the wind out of the sails of the British Opposition. In these circumstances it is not unnatural that Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Belgians should have displayed a marked aversion to being shot in order, as they think, to provide Mr. Baldwin with a majority.

The Next Step

IT is by no means easy to see a way out of the *impasse*, and at the same time save the faces of those concerned. If the result of the General Election has any meaning in terms of international politics, which is doubtful, it is that the electorate wishes a rebuff to be administered to Signor Mussolini, but refuses to fight him. This puts the Government in an impossible position (although it has only itself to blame), and the most skilful diplomacy will be required to prevent a repetition of the rebuff of 1863–64, when Palmerston had to climb down to Bismarck after threatening him with all sorts of penalties if he laid hands on Schleswig-Holstein. However much we may criticize the Government's policy in the past, it is to the future that we must now look, and try to discover some equitable solution.

The salient fact in the situation is the most unexpected, namely that up to the present the Abyssinians have shown themselves either unable or unwilling to fight for their own Negus. In these circumstances the position is surely somewhat different from what it appeared when it was assumed at Geneva that Abyssinia was another Poland or Belgium. If the Abyssinian Emperor's own subjects do not propose to sacrifice themselves on his behalf, there can be no cogent reason why the rest of the world should suffer serious inconvenience for the sake of that dusky potentate. Let the Italians have those parts of Abyssinia that prefer King Victor Emmanuel to the Emperor Haile

Selassie, and allow the rest of the country to remain under native control, provided that slavery is abolished.

Two Important Lessons

TO realize when to stop is perhaps the most important knowledge an individual or a nation can possess. Italy has proved that, thanks to Fascism, she bears no resemblance to what she was in the days of Crispi and the lesson has not been lost on the rest of the world. On the other hand, the example of Spain in the sixteenth century is a warning to any South European Power that may be tempted to engage in adventures too far from the Mediterranean. Philip II might well have conquered North Africa and civilized the Americas at the same time, but to attempt to preserve the balance of power in Central Europe in addition was beyond even his strength.

The British Government, if only by doing the wrong thing in the wrong way, has demonstrated that it will not always remain indifferent to the progress of events abroad. At the same time it has shown itself dangerously out of touch with public opinion on the Continent, and in particular with that of the younger generation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in many cases the personnel and methods of the Diplomatic Service could do with a drastic overhaul. Recent events should have taught the Foreign Office a great deal.

The Italo-Abyssinian crisis has lasted long enough, and the world cannot afford its continuance. It must be settled by a compromise, or it may yet develop into a wider struggle which will ruin us all for the benefit of Berlin and Moscow.

French Politics

BOTH on this side of the Channel and on the other side of the Alps there has been a good deal of criticism of M. Laval for his alleged temporizing of late in international matters. Those who adopt this standpoint,

whether they be Englishmen or Italians, are very unfair to the French Prime Minister, who is in duty bound to look first to the interests of his own country. To attack him for not taking a strong line is to confess to ignorance of the interests of France and also of the difficulties of his own position.

It is a question how much longer the Senate and the Chamber will occupy, even nominally, the front of the political stage. French opinion is divided between the *Front Commun*, which is comprised of Socialists, Communists, and other Left groupings, and the *Front National*, composed of the *Croix de Feu*, *Action Française*, *Jeunesses Patriotes*, *Solidarité Française*, and similar Right organizations. The clashes between these two groups are very frequent, and generally lead to bloodshed. In effect, the situation bears at any rate a superficial resemblance to that existing in Italy before the March on Rome, and in Germany before the Nazi accession to power. In foreign affairs the Socialists and Communists are as strongly in favour of applying Sanctions to Italy, primarily because she is a Fascist State, as the *Front National* is opposed to such a policy. Such being the case it behoved M. Laval to walk warily or he might plunge his country into civil war.

The Outlook

THE year 1935 seems fated to close in the most depressing circumstances, and it rests with this country to change the outlook. The British Government has won a crushing victory at the polls, and it is no longer under the necessity of taking into account every crank and faddist: it can afford to be generous. Sir Samuel Hoare is in no way responsible for the blunders of his predecessor, and he has shown, in the case of Greece, a vision which of late years has been all too rare at the Foreign Office. There is an opportunity for British statesmanship which may not recur.

Once the Abyssinian dispute is out of the way the

Government will be in a position to tackle the reform of the League of Nations, and the essential preliminary to this is to ask Germany to say what sort of a League she is willing to join: when that has been ascertained we shall know whether it is possible to meet her wishes. The National Government was not returned on its performance, but on its promise. It is to be hoped that during the coming Parliament it will succeed best where it failed most in the last one, the field of foreign affairs.

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Bottle-Screw Days

By Kenneth Hare

OUR ancestors were solid men
Who pushed the flask about,
They found a use for wit and brain,
The things to do without.
Tho' progress on the road sublime
With corpses strew the ways,
" Boy, bring the apparatus ! " I'm
For the good old bottle-screw days !

The stuff that Labour members drink
With water fills the blood,
And that's the cause I really think
They talk such utter mud,
When Homer raised his glass, as one
The Muses sang his praise,
His verse ran clear as Helicon
In the good old bottle-screw days !

When apes and dogs with great applause
In wig and gown look wise,
The wit is in the dock because
He will not mechanize,
" An Icarus now each hour," says he,
" Is flung from Heaven ablaze,
The fowls may keep the air, give me
The good old bottle-screw days ! "

Good liquor they would bleat from hence,
The water-drinking flock,
Oh, fold them, fold them in their pens,
And softly turn the lock !
When genial Venus fails to burn,
And Cupid flies our ways,
Why all's not lost for we'll return
To the good old bottle-screw days !

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

***Edited by* HUGH KINGSMILL**

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Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

A. R. Orage

IN " Selected Essays and Critical Writings " by A. R. Orage (Stanley Nott. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Herbert Read and Mr. Denis Saurat have made an excellent anthology of Orage's writings in the New Age and the New English Weekly. But it is a pity they did not preface the book with a short memoir, for, though a life of Orage is no doubt being written, an outline of his career would not have clashed with it, and would have made this book more interesting to those who know nothing about Orage.

When he was editing the New Age, from 1907 or so till about 1923, Orage had an extraordinary knack of picking out writers who were destined to become well-known and well-to-do, but whom he encouraged as lonely geniuses of whom the world was not worthy. Arnold Bennett, before his success with the "Old Wives Tale," used to write a weekly article for the "New Age." In one of these articles, I remember, he lamented that his sales for the previous year had been slightly in excess of Joseph Conrad's—a disquieting fact, he suggested, for a literary artist. A year or so after the "Old Wives Tale," he was arguing in THE ENGLISH REVIEW that all great writers have a strong popular appeal, while Orage, in the "New Age," was demonstrating that Bennett lacked every mark of a great writer, beginning with a sense of beauty. Expunging Bennett from his mind, Orage looked round for other lonely geniuses, and discovered J. C. Squire, W. L. George, Michael Arlen, Richard Aldington, and several more, all of whom, in the fullness of time, proved that the world was worthy of them, to Orage's accumulating mortification.

Orage's best discovery, in my opinion, was Edwin Muir, who has written poems which will have a lasting place in English literature; but I think Orage valued Muir for his criticism, not for his poetic genius. Orage had the instinctive and ineradicable hostility to great literature of the rhetorician. Though he was too mixed to be a pure example of any type, his bent was always towards working on the will through rhetoric, not on the spirit through the imagination. In this volume, for example, he says: "If the pen is mightier than the sword, the tongue is at least as much mightier than the pen . . . In a thousand ways, indeed, the pen is hopelessly inadequate to convey the infinite subtleties of speech. Gesture, posture, tone of voice, facial expression and the movements that Demosthenes called 'action'—these, together with the effect of the company of listeners, the setting and the occasion—how can they ever be con-

veyed in the record . . . of the words only? " Hitler and Mussolini would agree with this, but " In the beginning was the Word," not a bag of oratorical tricks, and the great poets in their highest moments return to a reality of which Demosthenes knew nothing.

Orage was a Mohammed who was always changing his Allah, a vagrant Pope whose Eternal City stood wherever he had for the time being pitched his caravan. His first god was Nietzsche, who in due course was ousted by the Douglas Credit scheme, which, according to Orage, had to be set going before great art and literature could be produced. It obviously consoled Orage to believe that no masterpieces could be created until that far-off date when a perfect economic system was in being. Then psycho-analysis had an innings, and Orage fell into the habit of winding up his arguments with " Psycho-analysis supports me here "—a refrain which I was working into a poem when I was baulked by the sudden disappearance of psycho-analysis in favour of some other Open Sesame. Finally, Orage left the " New Age," and joined Gurdjieff, whose armoury of devices for convincing others included complexities unknown to Demosthenes. But though Orage had the mind of a disciple he had the temperament of a leader, and the association broke up. Returning to England, he spent his last years editing the " New English Weekly." He was probably tired out by this time, and the paper lacked the energy and wayward brilliance of the " New Age."

If Orage had been less honest he might have become one of the affluent sophists of the age, and if he had been more stable he might have been a great writer. Between these two extremes he passed his life, stimulating though he could not nourish, and testifying by his persistent search to the existence of what he could not find.

Mrs. Swanwick's Autobiography

IT takes a man of rare genius and temperament to write about himself without self-dramatization, but

this power seems to be possessed by many women. The great merit of Mrs. Swanwick's autobiography is its naturalness and sincerity. During the movement to secure the vote for women, Mrs. Swanwick was a constitutional suffragist, and much of the earlier part of her book deals very fairly with the disadvantages of her sex. After her father's death, for example, she was hampered in her work by her mother in a way in which no son would have been. "She had never slept alone, so I felt obliged to share her bedroom. . . She made many good resolutions, one of which was that I should have a study in the house and carry out my projects of earning a living. She went so far as to furnish my father's studio as my study. But I soon found that if I sat up there to work, she spent her time in weeping downstairs."

Unlike Mrs. Pankhurst, whose war speeches were on a level with Bottomley's, Mrs. Swanwick preserved her head during the war, and afterwards. The chapter called "The Peace to End Peace," which deals, among other things, with the blockade of Germany in the months after the Armistice, should be read by every one who is under the illusion that England is chivalrous to a beaten enemy.

There are many delightful sketches of well-known men and women in this book. Here is Shaw in the eighties. "There was another and a younger man who also came: tall and thin, with a very pale face, a flaming red beard and a foreign accent. I concluded that he, too, was German, although his accent was unlike any I knew. He was a very different type of speaker from Mr. Morris; extremely fluent and combative and with a logical method which I did not find persuasive, but which, none the less, I should have found very difficult to counter."

Best of all is the account of Oscar Wilde, who used to spend hours telling stories to Mrs. Swanwick's small brothers, and who, when Mrs. Swanwick was eighteen, was very much upset because a woman of dubious

character kissed her effusively during a visit she paid to Wilde and Mrs. Wilde. "Oscar preceded me downstairs to see me out and suddenly stopped, looking back at me with an angry face. 'Since when have you allowed Miss X to kiss you?' he asked. I told him this was the first time I had met her. 'And the last, I hope,' was his reply." When Mrs. Swanwick's mother was prostrated by her husband's death, Wilde called and insisted on seeing her, though she repeatedly refused. When he had gone she was a woman transformed. He had made her talk; had asked questions about my father's last illness. Then, she didn't know how, he had begun to tell her all sorts of things which he contrived to make interesting and amusing. "And then I laughed," she said. "I thought I should never laugh again."

Shorter Notices.

"THE New Book of English Verse." Edited by Charles Williams. Associate editors: Lord David Cecil, Ernest de Selincourt, E. M. W. Tillyard. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

This is a companion volume to the "Oxford Book of English Verse and the Golden Treasury." I refrain from some churlish remarks on Mr. Williams's introduction and notes in gratitude to him for his invaluable labours. Excluding the notes and introduction, this volume contains seven hundred and sixty-seven pages.

"The Life of Charles Dickens." Thomas Wright. (Herbert Jenkins. 18s.)

This is a very careful and clearly arranged biography, which sets out the facts of Dickens's life with the lucidity absent from Forster's indispensable but chaotic chronicle.

A Sociological Symphony

SUMMER TIME ENDS. BY JOHN HARGRAVE. (Constable. 12s. net.)

WHILE singing the swan-song of an epoch in economics, Mr. Hargrave's novel marks an epoch in letters. It is a symphony in prose. The varied themes of everyday existence in the modern world are all heard, as near simultaneity as language allows. The book is a vertical slice through the social-economic pyramid of England as it is to-day, revealing a vivid picture of every stratum of society; and though one snapshot follows another with the kaleidoscopic rapidity of a film, and the main and subsidiary themes are continuously imposing themselves upon the whole, it is all done with such skill that the picture is never blurred.

They are all here, the people who make up our civilization, from the banker-financier at the apex to the unemployed man at the base, and they are all living people as we know them. The parson with his "church restoration" troubles, the doctor with his "cases," the inventor whose ideas should enrich mankind but actually impoverish it, the old aristocrat who lives in the past, the old aristocrat's young wife who tries to live in the present with the assistance of one who lives on the dole; rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, all are here just as they are in the world about us.

The main theme of the book is simple enough: it is the tragic absurdity of poverty in the midst of plenty, or, since certain writers have an academic objection to that phrase, let us call it "the crime of want in the midst of waste." Mr. Hargrave develops this theme by developing his characters, and with the help of his remarkable technique, which seems to be natural and, indeed, inevitable for this particular story, the result has no exact parallel in modern fiction. "Summer Time Ends" is an astonishing work of art from whatever angle one views it. It is a tract for the times, a collection of characters, a human story, a tragic symphony, a realistic picture, an epic poem, and a symbolical masterpiece.

But above all it is a sociological novel, dealing with the one fundamental problem confronting industrialized mankind to-day. Food, warmth, shelter—mechanization—the money system—these are its themes, and Mr. Hargrave's socio-economic study is therefore of the very greatest importance to every man, woman and child alive on this planet.

Two samples of the author's unusual style may be given. This is how the book opens :—

" there they were, unemployed, on the dole, hidden in the bracken, kissing in the bracken in the limpid amber glow of a golden afternoon
' there now ! it's laddered all the way up ! '
that's the worst of these cheap Soltex stockings
but dead bracken stalks can ruin the most expensive hose
Jenny pouted, George laughed
love laughs at ladders
love doesn't care
big house, little house, pigsty, barn
upstairs, downstairs, or in my lady's chamber
it doesn't matter where
bracken's as good as a goosefeather bed
and sometimes better "

But when the author wishes us to get the feel of mass-production machinery, the tempo changes :—

" the herd of tame giants mumble and roar . . .
mumble and roar . . .
all day, all night, they mumble and roar . . .
they shake the concrete in which they are bedded
the team of friendly beasts, the mechanical gadgets
stamp together, stamp and beat time together, hum together, thump together
tendency to anthropomorphize, to give life to these lifeless automatics that move together smoothly
up and down, in and out, back and forth
that start together, speed together, slow together, stop together
in every part bright, clean, polished—anointed, oozing with oil
they glisten
. . .
they neither love nor hate
made in parts—here a limb, there a limb—
assembled, but never born
they run for a time, and are scrapped
yet in all this activity they sense nothing, know nothing
they lift, throw, push, stamp, punch
they do the work no man can

they feed, pound, shred, mould, cut, press, pack, and deposit
they sing and drone like monster humming-tops
are fed with white metal and turn out lucky charms
suck in cotton and eject Soltex rayon fabric"

The author uses his technique with great cunning and precision, not merely to change the rhythm to suit the character or situation, but to give the impression of a number of episodes occurring, ideas evolving, and characters developing at one and the same time. It may be thought that such a method would produce the utmost confusion. But this is not so. Mr. Hargrave has, so to speak, written a full score, but every page of it is clear and comprehensible. We do actually get the impression of events happening together in time; but as we are also being constantly reminded of people and things of which we have already heard, we gain a stronger sense of reality, a deeper sense of intimacy.

The story itself is the perfectly natural story of each of the characters over a period of one year. Every chapter covers a month, from October, when summer-time ends, to October; and so convincing, so annihilating, is the general effect that if, after finishing it, anyone still believes that all's for the best in the best of all possible worlds, he (or she) deserves to live on the dole for ever—or to be deported to make more room for Dean Inge.

HESKETH PEARSON.

The Powys Brothers

THE POWYS BROTHERS. By RICHARD HERON WARD. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)
DORSET ESSAYS. By LLEWELLYN POWYS. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

MARK RUTHERFORD once observed that it was impossible, having understood Wordsworth, to remain an orthodox Christian. The element of caprice in dogmatic religion refuses to be reconciled with a poetic apprehension of the ordered processes of Nature.

The three Powys brothers have in common a philosophy, held so passionately that it deserves the name religion, which derives from an intense awareness of nature. T. F. Powys has felt less impelled than the other two to preach his philosophy to the world.

While Llewellyn insists with a certain defiance that the fullness of life can be realized only through the five senses, John Cowper has a more Wordsworthian and mystic attitude towards ultimate reality. He gives this feeling expression not only in his explicitly philosophic work; it pervades all his novels.

In a letter which is quoted as the opening of Mr. Ward's essay, John Cowper wrote to a young novelist: "I don't at all think you need beware of 'messages' . . . It only is—for such is the wilfulness and contrariousness of human nature—that 'messages' have to be cunningly diffused and arriving through a thousand tangents and intimations and indirections to produce their effect, for then none of our wilful naughtiness is stirred up to resist and we're caught off our guard. No, no, I am all for the moralists, the prophets, the preachers, the sooth-sayers, the logos-utterers, the philosophers as against this detestable fuss about people's 'art.'"

From this letter a person unfamiliar with John Cowper's work might deduce that John Cowper's novels are tendencious projections, more or less skilfully disguised, of a lesson which he has to teach. But it is a mistake to deduce too much from a letter written to allay individual misgivings. There are, as Mr. Powys would have discovered if he had been writing an essay on the matter, reasons more profound than mere guile for "diffusing" a message. A "message" always represents an over-simplification of life. It can point the way to, but it cannot reveal, reality. The artist has to reveal reality, and a message is implicit in every creation of genius. The novels of J. C. Powys no more preach a message than do those of Thomas Hardy.

T. F. Powys, being a story-teller with a peculiar and rich humour, requires a critic with a different sort of perception than is displayed by Mr. Heron Ward, who discourses ably on the somewhat violent polemics of the third brother, Llewellyn.

The beautifully illustrated *Dorset Essays* with their relish for sunlit stones, courting cliff foxes, ruthless weasels, the pitiable stories of oppressed labourers, is an admirable source-book to the philosophy of the brothers. But the preacher Llewellyn obtrudes sometimes confusedly as in the sentence: "It required a Dionysian heart to view with serenity the pitiable bundle of grey fur."

BRIAN LUNN.

Fiction

BARREN HARVEST. By ANDRE CHAMSON. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)
ONCE WE HAD A CHILD. By HANS FALLADA. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
GIRL OF GOOD FAMILY. By LUCIAN WAINWRIGHT. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)
ALCIBIADES. By VINCENZ BRUN. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
CLEAR HORIZON. By DOROTHY RICHARDSON. (Dent, with Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.)

The first novel on this list is definitely propagandist, but I should be the last to condemn it for that reason. As Mr. H. G. Wells once remarked (I believe it was in the introduction to "William Clissold"), you cannot for ever keep the novel free from political ideas, although Mr. Wells' admirers may sometimes have wished that he would, and his critics have felt that he has. "Barren Harvest" is typical of the modern French novel in its brevity and impersonality. Its style, faithfully rendered into English by Mr. John Rodker, is an odd mixture of the eloquent and the uncouth. It begins, like a good socialist tract, with the story of a group of German workers who are imported into a French village for some expert engineering work. Hostility softens into curiosity and then into friendship: the solidarity of the proletariat is proved. Then two of the Germans are sent back to Germany on business, and one of the Frenchmen accompanies them. It is on the eve of the Nazi triumph; brownshirts, bands and demonstrations everywhere. The Frenchman sees with astonishment that one of his companions is becoming infected, beginning to think of himself as a German first and as an engineer second. The other German is a socialist with greater powers of resistance; he is accordingly sequestered and presumably sent off to a concentration camp. His place among the engineers is taken by a good party man and the latent hostility between French and German begins to sprout again.

The author's sympathies are presumably Marxist, but he expresses very well indeed the average Frenchman's reaction to German National Socialism. This is the most real thing in the book. The pretty picture of the French and Germans exchanging national songs and dishes is not nearly so convincing as the study of the revitalization of the German national consciousness under Nazi propaganda. Whether this revitalization is for good or evil is beside the point. All that M. Chamson's novel really proves is that the distinction between French and German is real, while the fraternity between workmen of a different race is purely conditional. But really, after the famous eve-of-war

action of the German Social Democrats, M. Chamson should have known this. There is, of course, the intransigent Ludwig still languishing in a concentration camp; and his French friend who makes long speeches about his integrity in the local pub, a proceeding analogous with, and even less effective than, the middle-class remedy of writing to the *New Statesman*.

"Girl of Good Family" is a very competent novel about the Forsyte strata of Jewry, and the effect of those potent solvents, feminism and the European war. It follows familiar lines but it is really attractively written; quiet, reticent and dignified.

These are the last adjectives which could be applied to Mr. Vincenz Brun's "Alcibiades," a splurgy, over-coloured book of dubious historical accuracy which does not even succeed in being dramatic.

Mr. Hans Fallada is abundantly endowed with that quality which post-war German novelists share with "Jabberwocky": he fills your head with ideas only you don't quite know what they are. This probably accounts for his success among certain sections of the reading public. "Once we had a Child" admirably exhibits his virtues and his defects; it is morbid, verbose and introspective to a maddening degree, but it has undeniable power and the atmosphere of that semi-civilised and barely Christianised part of Pomerania where the story is laid, is perfectly reproduced. The characterisation is good in patches; the love story is muddled and unconvincing yet with occasional scenes of pure fairy-tale quality; the end, which is probably intended as symbolic, is a very damp squib. It would have been a much better book had the writer been able to make up his mind whether he was writing a study of peasant life or a prose Peer Gynt.

What can be said of Miss Dorothy Richardson's "Clear Horizon" I really do not know, except that it is the eleventh or the nineteenth (I've forgotten which) of her microscopic examinations. After eleven (or nineteen) analyses of the personality and reactions of Miriam we still know less about her than about Beatrix Esmond or Manon Lescaut. And what is more significant, we do not care.

R. MILLAR.

The Sculptor of Night and Shadow

JOHN FORD. By M. JOAN SARGEANT. (Basil Blackwell. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is hardly an aspect under which John Ford can be considered, which is not capably dealt with in this exhaustive volume. There is a chapter upon his early life and non-dramatic poetry. We are given the chronology of the plays. We see the dramatist in collaboration, and there are two admirable chapters upon his independent work, so remarkable for its classic restraint and chastity of phrase. The stage history of the plays is comprehensively though briefly displayed. For the finer ineptitudes of dramatic criticism, Miss Sargeant has an eagle eye. Professor Thorndike, for example, censures this poet of passion for "absorption with sex." He "might as well have condemned Mrs. Beeton," Miss Sargeant declares, "for her *absorption* with household management." Amongst early critics of Ford, we find Mr. Pepys, who thought the masterly "'Tis Pity" a "simple play," and "The Lady's Trial" a "sorry" one. But on the former occasion he was distracted by the immediate proximity of a "pretty and most ingenious lady," while having emerged from a cellar where he had been "very merry," but a moment before, he was still a little drunk. When he saw "The Lady's Trial" it was after having danced until two in the morning, in consequence of which exercise, his head was "out of humour," and his "legs weary."

In a noble sonnet Swinburne speaks of Ford—

> "whose hand with high funereal art
> Carved night, and chiselled shadow"

and some readers have objected to this dramatist's "atmosphere" as too Italianate. They object to his daggers and poisoned chalices as though they were extraneous to the life of that day. But the assassin's dagger was no literary convention, and Italy had no monopoly of poison. A poisoned girdle, with other poisoned articles of attire and furniture, were burned in Smithfield in 1598. The armchair of Essex was rubbed with poison, and two men were hanged in the same year for poisoning the saddle of one of the Queen's horses. And was not Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned by slow degrees in the Tower? There was matter that Ford's sombre soul might brood on, be sure of it, in the London of Elizabeth and James!

Miss Sargeant has a pleasing theory to account for the Italianate setting of many Elizabethan plays. The characters were from London, but it would side-track an honest citizen to represent him under a foreign name, and in borrowed surroundings. Dekker warns his fellows in—I think—the "Gull's Horn Book," that there is danger in representing some well-known fop upon the boards. The injured party will quit his stool upon the corner of the stage, and sourly screwing up his face, leave with commotion while some part upon which the whole plot hinges, is being played. Better *not* have "a flirt at his feather!" Miss Sargeant, indeed, shows us this very poet, Dekker, defending himself in Court for his share in the composition of the comic under plot which gave the lost Ford-and-Webster play, "A late Murther of the Sonn upon the Mother," its rococo sub-title "Keep the Widow Waking." Dekker, poor wretch, had neglected to new baptise his widow as Calliope or Dorothea, and she was launching a counter attack! Is it Miss Sargeant's high seriousness which prevents her giving details? Does delicacy restrain her pen? It is my sole quarrel with this erudite person that having aroused my curiosity, she refuses to allay it. Who was this widow who woke the lousy pittites of the Red Bull Yard to ribald mirth, and why, in Heaven's name, wouldn't they let her sleep?

KENNETH HARE.

Country Airs

COUNTRY AIRS. By W. J. BLYTON. (Blackie & Son, Ltd. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are many kinds of people who write books about the country—the rather precious young townsman to whom country life is just too, too delightful; the writer who wallows in muck on every other page; the tourist who gives us a pleasant account of his wanderings; the author who either pleads, argues, or whines, about the deplorable state of English farming; and many others. The catalogue is so long that both town and country readers must have felt for some time now that too much was, at least, enough.

But in "Country Airs" Mr. W. J. Blyton gives us something entirely different, and something which is very welcome. Here is a townsman who, after a successful career in Fleet Street,

threw up his profession and became a farmer. Stranger still, he induced his family to share this life with him; and, miracle of miracles, after some years of it, all are content.

Here surely is the book for which so many townsfolk are looking—the book of a townsman turned farmer, not gentleman farmer, nor week-end farmer, but working farmer. A story of never ending toil performed by unskilled hands and with aching backs; of inexperience coupled with perseverance conquering innumerable difficulties; of a life in which holidays were missing and from which the return in money was so small as to be almost ludicrous when compared with the author's town remuneration; and yet a story of a life which brought content.

Once again that glaring truth about English farming which so many people refuse to see is stressed—that in this country grain is not the mainstay. Mr. Blyton tells us that he did well with cows—he calls them the ladies who pay the rent—with potatoes, and with bees; that he produced eggs and other produce for his household's needs; that he grew a little rye and oats; and that, in spite of the Wheat Quota, he grew no wheat at all. This means that he was a good farmer, and that his land is in better heart now than when he took it. It also means that he has paid his way, enjoyed his work, and can look on the result of it unashamed. What more can man desire?

It is perhaps a pity that in this book Mr. Blyton allowed his pen to stray from his farm so often. The chapters dealing with his farming are good, very good; but the book as a whole leaves no clear picture in the mind. It interests, but somehow it fails to charm. One wishes that the author had allowed us more intimacy with his family and his animals, and so given us a particular interest rather than a general one. Here undoubtedly his former calling is to blame.

But apart from that criticism, one can only praise; for Mr. Blyton has drawn a true picture of our countryside—one which lies midway between the merely sentimental and the stark.

A. G. STREET.

Sir John Squire

REFLECTIONS AND MEMORIES. By SIR JOHN SQUIRE. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

HONEST words need explaining in days when instruction, carefully excluding Latin, can call itself education without much risk of judicial demur. This volume, then, is a collection of Prefaces to books by other men, some lately dead, often friends of Sir John Squire's and always authors of books that have permanently moved him, for instance, " Marius the Epicurean."

Novel readers skip prefaces, not knowing how much more they reveal, because of their difficulty and because of the severe test it is to put gracefully the facts, often dry information, that are usually reserved for them. A man who can write a good preface can write a good book; and these are model prefaces and introductions. Squire's method is to pack the essential dates into his opening sentence, usually to follow with a personal vignette of the man, if a friend, or with a character sketch of the author if (being long dead) he or she is unremembered personally by himself. Then follows a concise statement of that which he stood for: the book collector, Henry Wheeler, say, whose only *opus* was the Wadham College catalogue, whose hobby was scholarship and whose recreation out-of-the-way bookshops and riverside inn bars. Flecker; John Freeman, whose book about George Moore was spoiled by a very odd instinctive antipathy between its writer and his chosen subject; Julius West, are treated with equal sympathy. The long introduction to Mr. Thomas Mackenzie's illustrated edition of " Marius " is a catholic and balanced essay on the religious, æsthetic, stylistic and intellectual qualities of a man usually seen in far too narrow and crude a perspective. The best chapters, however, in a really beautiful book, a book to read which is also to overhear a very musical melody, are perhaps the autobiographical, and, in particular, the long opening chapter: " A London Reverie."

Listen to this, and remember that good prose is addressed first to the ear, the feelings being touched as the persuasive argument convinces the intelligence:

> [In the London of twenty years ago] it was the evenings and the week-ends that mattered. Contemporaries had gathered from the University; they had got in touch with other young men who in some singular way had acquired intelligence, knowledge, and even wit, without ever going to the University; and in all the circles of ardour and enlightenment there were as many women as men. They were not bobbed or shingled, but they

seemed so. London in those days, and at that stage of one's life, was liberation. It was possible to talk to young women, who knew all about music and economics, or even the most alarming subjects, without feeling or at any rate betraying, the slightest embarrassment. We went in throngs to the gallery at Covent Garden. . . .

and so one evocative picture glides into another, and this essay, beginning with the architecture that has mostly gone and ending with reflections upon middle age and the gulf between it and the new ranks of eagerness, has the quality of a fine sonata : recollection of facts and the play of imagination weaving a melody of evocation and of thought. "A London Reverie," I believe, is destined for immortality, as a twentieth century's reverie by Charles Lamb might be. Whatever demurs may suggest themselves here or there, this book already has the taste of the classical.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Books Recommended

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN. (Bernard van Dieren. Oxford. 10s. 6d.)
GLEANINGS FROM PLATO. (Y. R. Whitwell. Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)
THE ELEGIES OF PROPERTIUS (Translated by E. H. W. Meyerstien. Oxford. 7s. 6d.)
PORTRAIT OF MY FAMILY. (Derek Patmore. Carrell. 10s. 6d.)
THE NAVAL MEMOIRS OF SIR ROGER KEYES. (Thornton Butterworth. 18s.)
BLAKE AND MILTON. DENIS SAURAT. (Stanley Nott. 5s.)
CHARLES THE FIRST AND CROMWELL. G. M. YOUNG. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)
ASYLUM. WILLIAM SEABROOK. (Harrap. 8s. 6d.)
LIFE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON. AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY. PERCY COLSON. (Jarrold's. 12s. 6d.)
ELEGANT MODES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. FROM HIGH WAIST TO BUSTLE. ANGUS HOLDEN. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
ECONOMIC FREEDOM. F. W. HIRST. (Duckworth. 4s. 6d.)
THE SOCIAL CREDIT PAMPHLETEER. BY VARIOUS HANDS (MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS, A. R. ORAGE, HERBERT READ, ETC.) (Stanley Nott. 7s. 6d.)
SEA SAGA. DIARIES OF FOUR GENERATIONS. EDITED BY L. KING-HALL. (Gollanz. 18s.)
MORE LETTERS FROM MARTHA WILMOT. EDITED BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY AND H. M. HYDE. (Macmillan. 21s.)
VIGILS. SIEGFRIED SASSOON. (Heinemann. 4s. 6d.)
POEMS IN SCOTS. WILLIAM SOUTAR. (The Moray Press. 3s. 6d.)
KEYS OF MORNING. MARGARET WINEFREDE SIMPSON. (The Moray Press. 3s. 6d.)
T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY. (H.M.S. "RATTLESNAKE.") EDITED BY JULIAN HUXLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 15s.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THIS year Christmas should be a very happy festival. The country is more prosperous than it has been since the war, there is more money available for spending, and an additional sense of national security is provided by the results of the General Election. Charity begins at home, I know, but none the less I will be a persistent beggar for those institutions which have in past years looked to these columns for a timely word in due season. There are charities and charities and each of us has his own particular pet one, but the Christmas season is the time when it feels good to unloose the purse strings as a natural duty, and gifts need not be centred on any one charity or individual. We should give freely and help as much as we can.

* * *

THE first of our friends is the Church Army which under Prebendary Carlisle has performed prodigies of practical charity year in and year out. To those it helps, still a very large "Army" of down-and-outs, poor people of all classes, homeless men, women and children, it will bring the feeling of Christmastide if you and I will send something to give the extra cheer needed. Just think what ten shillings can do to bring happiness, however temporary, to a whole family, when we are sitting round the warmth of our own fires after enjoying the good things of Christmastide. What an added sense of satisfaction there will be, if we feel that our ten shillings has helped to make those, less fortunate, happy and contented on this great day of Christmas love. The good Prebendary tells me that ten pounds will give a Christmas party to a hundred poor children or old people. Splendid! And if you cannot be there yourself to see them enjoy it, all that happened at "your dinner" will be told you. So, those who can, just do so. Ten pounds one way or another would not matter to quite a number of people. Remember the address to send your gifts is c/o Prebendary Carlisle, 55 Bryanston Street, W.1.

* * *

ANOTHER of our old friends are "The Shaftesbury Homes and 'Arethusa' Training Ship." Here one of the great works of building-up careers and making men of those who would otherwise never have a real chance in life is carried on with devoted perseverance. But it all costs money, and since so many like to have some tangible evidence of the good work accomplished, I have just collected one or two cases at random. There are five officers of the Royal Navy to-day of the rank of Lieutenant-Commander who were old "Arethusa" boys, as well as a number of others holding responsible positions in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service. In the recent Honours List three "old boys" received decorations, and one who was brought up at their Fortescue House School, Twickenham was this year elected Mayor of a provincial town. And the romance of life is further exemplified by this tale. A lady recently called at the Headquarters of the Homes to make

inquiries about her grandparents, since she knew that her father when a boy of nine years had been admitted to the care of the Society. That was in 1867. All the records are kept and it was not difficult to trace this particular case. "Yes," she was told, "her father came there as a lad of nine years old, because he had been deserted by his parents." Now he is in a prosperous way of life, a Justice of the Peace, and going strong at a ripe old age. What the Society requires is some good friends who will assist them to raise an endowment fund. The present one is very, very small, so large as well as small Christmas gifts will be greatly esteemed. Money thus sent will do a world of good.

* * *

A THIRD old friend is the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Well, Christmas is first and foremost the children's festival and to be consistent the care of children, less fortunate than our own, cannot be overlooked if we are to keep Christmas well. Though strong efforts have been made, and stronger are yet to be made, to rid our modern civilization of the stigma of the slums and all that slum life breeds, were I to detail even a few cases of child-suffering I have come across it would shock many. They would scarcely believe such sights and scenes could be witnessed to-day. Well, let me say this. This year the Society has looked after 70,000 neglected children, over 10,000 ill-treated children, nearly 10,000 more found begging in the streets, and yet another 10,000 which for other language the Society describes as suffering "from other wrongs." It is really too tragic for words. We talk of helping those in other lands, but what about our own? Just one case—a fairly typical one of this year of grace 1935. "He had been grossly neglected. His skin in many places was raw, three toes in the first stages of mortification; his weight 15 lbs., less than half the normal weight he should have been. He had a terrible bruise on one shin, both eyes were blackened, a large burn on both sides of his body caused, so his mother said, by accidentally dropping on him a hot flat iron." Of other details of this case I prefer to be silent. The Society is absolutely a voluntary one, but its good work is limited to its financial resources, and although expenses are controlled with the greatest care, yes and foresight, it could do more if it had the money. What a chance for another Christmas gift. Money should be sent to the Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2, or to any of the Society's honorary helpers. And there is yet another way of helping. Anyone who knows of children needing assistance should notify the Society. Many of us, elderly people, are fond of children, fonder than we were when we were younger, and we occasionally meet in the streets little ones who clearly need help. But we pass on, too busy or too selfish. As long as our own children are happy and well it does not seem to matter. Perhaps this Christmas we will make amends.

* * *

I MUST not forget our Cancer Hospital in the Fulham Road, S.W.3. I know the Earl of Granard is anxiously looking out for some generous Christmas boxes. Cancer is now claiming 15 per cent. of the total death rate of the country and still no cure, despite most earnest efforts of devoted scientists. You and I are free of the scourge, yet 61,572 people have died of cancer in England and Wales alone this year. At the Cancer Hospital the Research Institute is working assiduously to seek a cure. It will come, but only in proportion as funds are made available to assist in the supreme effort. I met myself a prominent business man of Cape Town, over

here in a desperate state of mind with his wife, afflicted by the disease. The South African doctors had suggested London as the best place for special treatment. He was sending news regularly to his family in Cape Town, hoping against hope. Christmas comes along, and as we give a thought to the many poor people suffering from the disease, we will realize the burdens the Cancer Hospital has to bear, and I know, some of my readers, with the Christian humanity, will be generous.

* * *

CHRISTMAS presents will be many and varied, so many it is always difficult to make a choice. To those who know how good the Eversharp pencils are, let me recommend an Eversharp pen, as mechanically perfect and smooth writing an invention as can be desired by the most fastidious pen-man. Then it can be filled in one shot and by holding it up to the light it can be seen if the ink supply is running low and further it cannot leak. There are models with adjustable nibs, these nibs possessing nine degrees of flexibility which can be controlled by moving a slide into different notches just as the individual style of writing or pressure requires. Altogether a most practical and delightful Christmas gift. I hope I get one, as I believe it to be the very latest thing in fountain pens.

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